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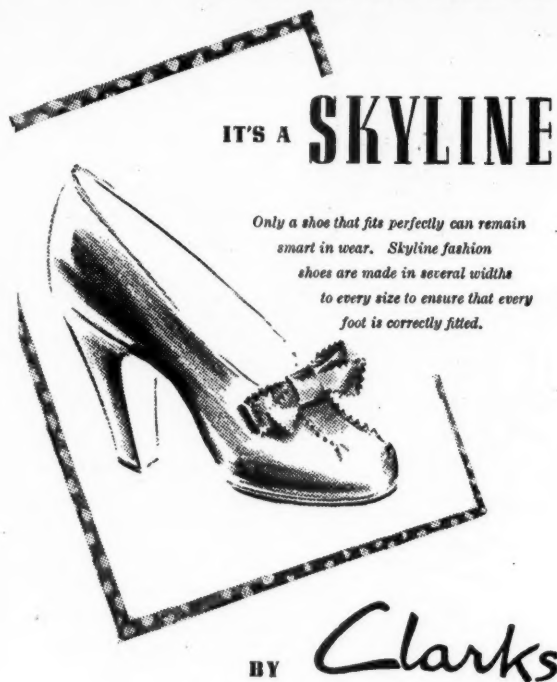


'Bond Street' . . . provocative as the skilful play of a fronded fan . . . as full of beguilement as your eyes can be when you choose. Yardley Perfume enshrines the many-mooded Eve in you! *Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London W1*



'BOND STREET'
BY
YARDLEY

OF COURSE IT'S YOUR FIT...



MADE BY C. & J. CLARK LTD., STREET, SOMERSET

No three women
think alike . .



they don't need to with a choice
of so many lovely

'Celanese'

DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS



Rest assured



DEEP, peaceful sleep is the only complete and satisfying form of rest . . . and you will be wise to do everything possible to ensure it.

A regular bedtime cup of 'Ovaltine' will prove a great help. Its delicious, creamy, soothing nourishment does much to relax the tired body, calm the nerves and provide the conditions most favourable to sleep.

While you sleep, the special nutritive properties of 'Ovaltine' assist in restoring body and mind, renewing strength and energy, so that you awake bright eyed and cheerful . . . feeling and looking your best.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE
The World's Best Night-cap

P.695A



There's something about "Van Heusen" collars that's unmistakably smart. Woven on the curve they fit naturally to the shape of the neck, affording perfect set and day-long smartness.

"Van Heusen" collars to match are a special feature of

"VANTELLA"

Shirts, made exclusively by Cotella Ltd., from the finest poplins. Unfortunately, however, very few are available for the Home Market.

"VAN HEUSEN"

Reg. Trade Mark

The perfect semi-stiff collar



Made by

HARDING TILTON & HARTLEY LTD., LONDON and TAUNTON.

70° PROOF



*When it comes
to a cocktail-
**MAKE
MINE
MYERS**
And here's how!*



BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

THE 'MYERS' COCKTAIL

2 parts 'Myers' · 1 part Orange Squash

½ part Lime Cordial · 1 part water

Shake well with ice. Serve at once

Get FREE copy of 'Myers' Recipes from your supplier or from: Gillespie Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dept. W5, 82 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3

Cashmere and Wool . . .



These cardigans we have in our Man's Shop just now are still something of a rarity. They're pure cashmere and wool, and thus exceedingly soft — Scotch-knit and very well-finished, and in natural shades. Quite a thought for Christmas presents. Lightweight cost £4-17-0. Medium weights £5-8-2 (4 coupons)

Liberty
of Regent
Street



I know, I'll give him a

Gillette razor set!

How his eyes will light up when I present him with it on Christmas morning! He probably hasn't had a new Gillette Razor Set for years, and his old one is a veteran now. How he'll thank me for those mornings and mornings of smoother, quicker shaving! There are Gillette Razor Sets in a variety of attractive modern cases, from 3/1 to 28/9 including purchase tax.



No. 48 Set. Aristocrat Junior one-piece razor in Moulded Box (5 Blue Gillette Blades) 12/-.

Good mornings begin with Gillette



Like father...like son...

Men go to Moss Bros. for Service Uniforms, Hunting and Riding Kit, and clothes for occasions formal and informal.

MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of
Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2 Temple Bar 4477
AND BRANCHES

FOREmost for golf



Firm-standing with its turf-hugger studs, waterproof with its double upper, this fine example of Moccasin craftsmanship is the choice of the serious golfer and the countryman. Ask to see it at your Moccasin shop; if not in stock, it can quickly be procured for you.

moccasin
veldtschoen

for Golf or the Country

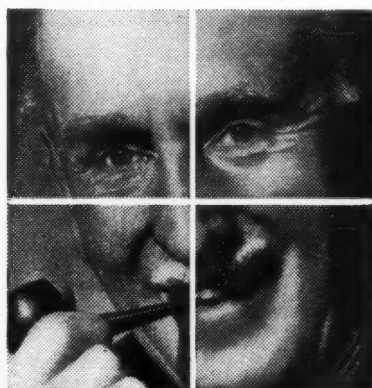
MOCCASIN SHOEMAKERS • NORTHAMPTON



MELTONIAN

*Shoe Creams and Dressings polish and preserve
fine footwear in every walk of life,
in every part of the world*

MELTONIAN LIMITED · OXGATE LANE · CRICKLEWOOD · LONDON · NW



**More
pipes
per
packet**


—that's what I call a Four Square deal!

Original Blends (4/5½ oz.):
Matured Virginia and
Original Mixture.
Empire Blends (4/1½ oz.):
Cut Cake, Mixture,
Ripe Brown, Curlies.

Thanks to prime leaf skilfully blended, there's no wasteful dottle with Four Square—every pipeful burns cool and sweet to the last shred. That allows you to put a little less tobacco in your pipe—and get more pipes from every packet!

FOUR SQUARE

by Dobie's of Paisley



By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

Huntley & Palmers

*the first name
you think of in*

Biscuits

ALL-OVER-THE-BED-WARMTH



in absolute **SAFETY**

Those who would like the boon of an electric blanket but are deterred by fears of electricity need have no doubts with a Windak. There is no electrical connection between the blanket and the mains! There is a safety earth screen protection and you can sleep with the Windak "on"; thousands do — and love it. Put a Windak over the mattress and leave it there always ready for service.



ELECTRICALLY HEATED
Safety
BED BLANKET

Write for name of nearest stockist

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE, POYNTON, CHESHIRE 536

LEMCO

1865 - 1948
The Original
Extract of BEEF

One
pound of
LEMCO contains
the concentrated
juices of over
30 pounds of
prime beef.



PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED • LONDON



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2oz. tin 9/5

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.



THE FAMOUS
SWEET
PICKLE



MADE BY MACONOCHIES

TO CELEBRATE A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

OMEGA

proudly present their

**ANNIVERSARY
AUTOMATIC
WATCH**



Set gold watch with gold mesh bracelet or leather strap, supplied in a magnificent presentation box.

The Omega self-winding watch is for the man who delights in owning nothing but the best. It is the crowning achievement of a hundred years progress in the production of the world's most accurate watches . . . winds itself while you wear it . . . perpetual motion on your wrist . . . the thinnest automatic watch ever produced. The 9ct gold

case is so designed that it follows the curve of your wrist. These superb commemorative watches are distinguished by their unique appearance. Only a few were made which means that, in this country, no more than one man in every forty-thousand will be fortunate enough to possess the Omega Anniversary timepiece. Can be seen only at leading jewellers.

THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST **OMEGA**

The breadwinner eats more Hovis now . . .



*to keep up his strength
the sensible way*

Hovis

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD



Laughing at winter's worst, youth can relish the challenge of rain and keen winds. But give the body a fair chance! Build up, by 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D, the inner resistance to such infections as colds and influenza. Let Crookes Halibut Oil, taken daily, supplement the body's natural supply of essential vitamins.



CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

FOR A MERRY

fragrant
CHRISTMAS...

Muse



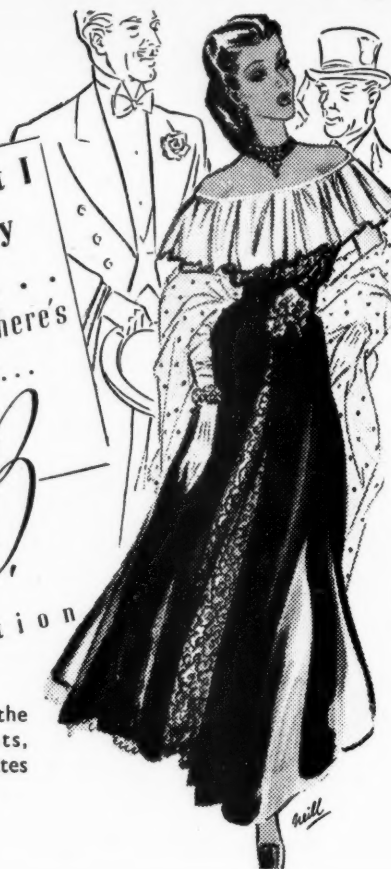
This fascinating Coty Perfume . . . gift of gifts for a thousand fragrant hours . . . in a superb satin-lined box with special Christmas card of greeting. This is one of many excellent gift ideas from the wide range of Coty presentations available at all the best shops everywhere and the Coty Salon, 3 New Bond St., W.1.

Coty
GIFTS
SHE WILL REMEMBER

..that's what I
call a lovely
figure! . . .
..wherever there's
admiration . . .
there's
a . . .

J.B.
foundation

(. . . a range of the
loveliest corsets,
girdles, corselettes
and brassieres.)



BLANKETS
buy you
FOOD!



Your MEAT

One Week's Ration
for 2 years.

or

SHELL-EGGS

6 Shell-Eggs per week
for a year.

or

FLOUR

4 lbs. of Flour every
week for a year.

or

BUTTER

½ lb. per week for
a year.

That pair of "MODERNA"
Blankets you have waited for so long,
has gone overseas to buy you all these—
because our "inside needs" are more
urgent than our "outside comforts".

So, "MODERNA" Blankets, all
pure lamb's wool in lovely pastel shades,
are going abroad to earn the food we
need.

MODERNA

You helped to win the War
"Moderna" are helping
to win the Peace

THOS. RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD. MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS

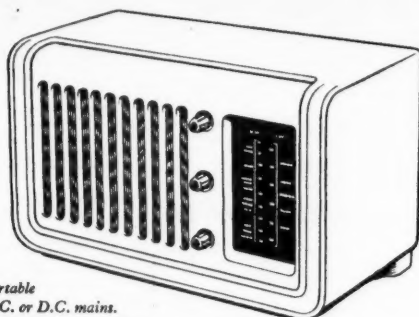
SOFT AND WARM

Look out for a pair—and
count yourself in luck when you own these
Morland's real sheepskin boots. They'll
keep you cosy as a kitten.



Morlands
THE FAMOUS GLASTONBURYS

Available also in Canada and the U.S.A.



Ferranti 547 Transportable
5-valve superhet for A.C. or D.C. mains.
Built-in loop aerial and external aerial socket.
Moulded cabinet in off-white or silver green.

Bedside Manner

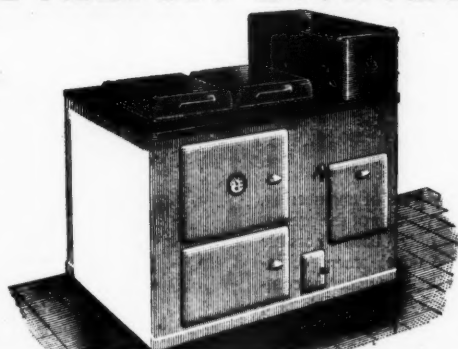
Just the set for the bedroom. Invalids or — dare we say — healthy idlers will enjoy its bedside manner. The Ferranti 547 is small, neat and transportable, works on A.C. or D.C. and will give hours of pleasure for years and years. It's a second set that isn't second best. Price £17.16.11 (inc. P.T.)

CLEARLY Ferranti FOR RADIO



Ferranti Ltd. Moston Manchester 10; and 36 Kingsway London WC2

designed in the interests of
DOMESTIC ECONOMY



If you now cook by other means, consider what you would save by installing an AB. This modern and efficient continuous burning cooker—using annually no more fuel than an ordinary domestic boiler—not only provides 'round-the-clock' cooking facilities for 2 to 20 people, but a constant hot water supply for bathroom and kitchen as well.



double-duty
Cooker and Water Heater

Inspect the AB Cooker at our Showrooms or write for details to Department D
FEDERATED SALES LTD • 80 GROSVENOR STREET • LONDON W1



Even the new poor can afford to buy the very best toothbrush, thereby practising one form of economy on which even economists agree. Ask for *Wisdom Extra*, the extra-value model of the correct-shape toothbrush



NOW 1/11 including tax

"My home is Hoover-Cleaned like the 'Queen Elizabeth'"

SAYS MRS. CORBIN, WIFE OF
A BOURNEMOUTH JOINER

Even if you live in a small home, without a great deal of money to spare, you can still afford a Hoover Cleaner—the prices are so reasonable. And what an enormous saving in labour it will mean for you every week. The Hoover is the make used wherever people insist on having the best—on the "Queen Elizabeth" for example, or in leading West End hotels. Because it cleans so thoroughly, the Hoover—which "beats . . . as it sweeps . . . as it cleans"—also makes your carpets last longer; and you fit the cleaning tools for curtains, upholstery etc. in a second!

There is a Hoover Cleaner for every size and type of home. Prices from £10.10 to £21 (plus purchase tax). There may be a little delay in delivering some models, so see your Authorised Hoover Dealer now.



HOOVER LIMITED



"Yes, my little home is like the 'Queen Elizabeth'—it's Hoover-cleaned," said Mrs. Corbin, wife of a Bournemouth joiner, in a recent interview, "and cleaned so quickly that I can now find time to do the housework and the shopping before lunch. I always knew Hoover Cleaners were the best, but I hadn't realised they only cost about the same as ordinary makes."



Cogitation

Besides being one of the most enduring of life's little pleasures, Chairman is an ever-dependable ally in solving problems. A pipeful of this perfect tobacco clears the mind, marshals the thoughts and brings in its fragrant cloud new inspiration to the brain worker.

Chairman Tobacco



4/2½ per oz.
In 2 oz.
vacuum tins
and 1 oz.
packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office, 24 Holborn London, E.C.1

THE GREAT COMFORT ABOUT PEL NESTING CHAIRS—

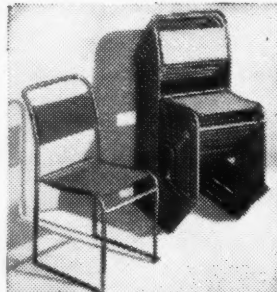


IS THAT THEY CAN BE SET OUT IN A FEW MINUTES—



AND TAKE UP NEXT TO NO SPACE IN STORAGE!

When seats are needed, these Pel Nesting Chairs provide everything you could ask for in comfort and good looks. But when it's space you want, they rise so well to the occasion that a stack of 20 occupies only 5 square feet of floor space! The high quality steel tubing gives great strength with the minimum of weight, makes for easy handling and a very long hard-wearing life. Inevitably, these days, there's a priority list, and a waiting list for Pel Nesting Furniture. But let us know your needs and we will tell you if, and how soon, we can help.



Patent No. 34415

Model RP6

PEL NESTING CHAIRS

Made by PEL LTD., OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM
London Office: 15 Henrietta Place, W.1.



A PRODUCT

TRY Angostura with RUM and Limejuice

also with

- All Cocktails
- Gin & Lime
- Fruit Drinks
- Hot Milk
- Sherry

Try Angostura with YOUR favourite drink and with those mentioned above and note the difference!

ANGOSTURA AROMATIC BITTERS

32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MERIT

Angostura Bitters (London) Ltd.,
61, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

EPHEDROL

RELIEVES CATARRH & COLDS

A "sniff" at bedtime clears the nasal passages
Chemists, 1/6 & 3/8 (including Purchase Tax) or post-free from
CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813. C.E.8c



"Have a go—try it yourself," says Wilfred Pickles

As one of the lucky owners of a Ronson Lighter, Wilfred Pickles demonstrates the patent Ronson single-finger action: press—it's lit, release—it's out. Besides having this unique advantage the Ronson is also a beautiful piece of British precision-engineering, and will give a life-time's reliable service—which, as a canny Yorkshireman like Wilfred Pickles knows, makes it well worth "the munny".

RONSON LIGHTERS are back!

FOR the first time since fearfully in the war, Ronson Lighters are again on sale in this country. Masterpieces of British craftsmanship, with the patent Ronson single-finger action. Obtainable—in limited supplies only, because of export priorities—at all good tobacconists, jewellers or first-rate stores.

RONSON

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS "WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER"

Beware of imitations—look for the 'Ronson' name.

The Ronson 'Standard Butler', price 35/-, inc. tax—one of the many beautiful Ronson models now again on sale in this country.

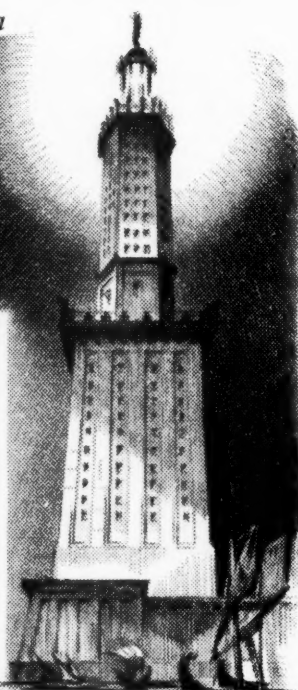


The Pharos of Alexandria

THE progress of engineering, which is the wonder of the present age, has only been possible through the development of innumerable small engineering components. Terry's presswork is a triumph of precision engineering—immensely strong and specially designed for the job. Terry's produce millions of individual presswork components each year, and their research department is constantly evolving new designs to meet special requirements. If you have a presswork problem, consult Terry's for expert advice.



TERRY'S FOR PRESSWORK



The Pharos, Father of Lighthouses, was constructed at the command of the Egyptian King Ptolemy Philadelphus in about the year 280 B.C.

Herbert Terry & Sons Ltd Redditch England

Scrapbook for motorists

BY K.L.G



Kenelm Lee Guinness, wealthy racing motorist, decided that sparking plugs were the limiting factor in his attempts to attain higher and higher speeds, so he designed and manu-

factured his own plugs. The K.L.G. Plug enabled Guinness to put up some astonishing performances on the track and it was soon in great demand all over the world.

EXPERIENCE — that's what makes

K.L.G

SPARKING PLUGS



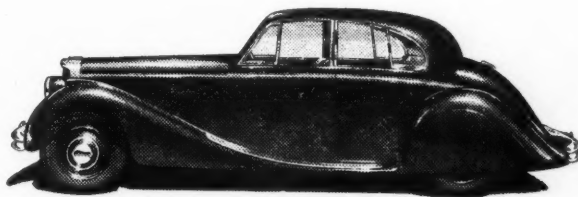
too good to miss!

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., AN ASSOCIATED COMPANY OF SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LTD.

a brilliant new Jaguar

with 20 new and important features

The new Jaguar Saloon and Drophead Coupé, on 2½ and 3½ litre chassis, are brilliant successors to a long line of distinguished fore-runners. Each of the 20 new features has been developed after patient research and tests—not hurriedly designed merely to keep abreast of a trend. In the Graceful flowing lines of the new Jaguars, no startling departure has been made from the dignity and good taste which critics the world over have declared to be inherent characteristics of Jaguar design. New features include: Independent front Suspension, fully hydraulic 2-leading Shoe Girdling Brakes, entirely new frame, new Burman-Douglas re-circulating ball-type steering, new transmission system and 15 other improvements.

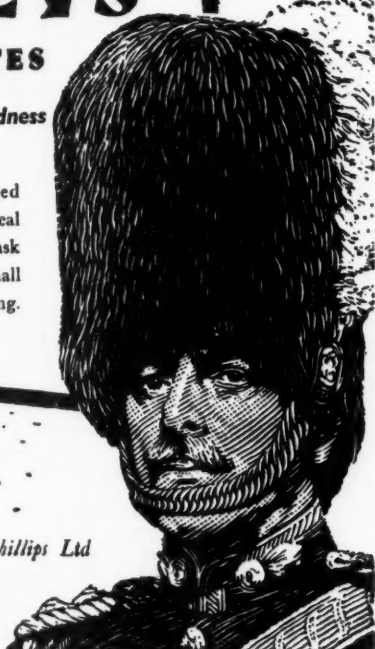


THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

'Second to None' GREYS CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness
tobacco

Plain or cork-tipped
'Greys' will always appeal
to those smokers who ask
of a cigarette that it shall
be pleasant and satisfying.

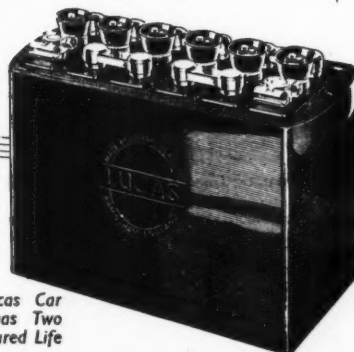


Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

LUCAS BATTERIES for dependability




A Quality Product



★ Every Lucas Car
Battery has Two
Years insured Life

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD • BIRMINGHAM • ENGLAND

At Christmas, the New Year and indeed for

all Anniversaries the pen is an

excellent gift. Because being a finely made

writing instrument it gets better as the

years go on—and as the years go on,

so does your pen. Twenty and

thirty years of faithful use are common.

Side lever and leverless from 21/- to 50/6, purchase tax extra
Showroom & Service Depot: 110 New Bond Street, London W.1
MABIE, TODD & CO LTD, 41 PARK STREET, LONDON W.1



£6,530 FOR YOU AT AGE 55

This cash sum, or a personal Retirement Income of £400 a year guaranteed for life from age 55, will secure your independence in later years. Even if you are in an occupation (for example, a Civil Servant or Teacher) entitling you to a pension, you will be glad of the extra annual income this plan provides.

Take, for example, ages up to 45, this is how the plan operates—for women it is slightly varied. You make agreed regular monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada—the great annuity Company—and at 55 you will receive £6,530, plus accumulated dividends—or £400 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45 the benefits are available at a later age.

By filling up and sending the enquiry form you can obtain details suited to your personal requirements. The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £1 per month, and the cash and pension can be arranged in most cases to commence either at age 50, 55, 60, or 65. It also applies to sons and daughters, who would greatly benefit by starting now. It is the safest and most profitable way of providing financially for you and yours, and the protection for your family starts from your first payment.

FILL IN THIS FORM NOW

POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED

To M. MACAULAY (General Manager for British Isles),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA
22, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

I should like to know more about your Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Punch Almanack, 1948



MADE TO MEASURE Suits and Overcoats

A final fitting at Aquascutum is a satisfying occasion. You realize we have given your suit a lot of thought. It is clean-cut, easy in front and smooth across the shoulders. As you move in it, you feel relaxed and comfortable . . . signs of good tailoring and fine cloth. You will like this suit we make for you at Aquascutum and you will wear it often.

Aquascutum

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

100 REGENT STREET 100

Try the AC EXTRA

MILEAGE PLAN

that cuts petrol
consumption!

1 Consult the AC Plug Doctor



In just 10 minutes this sensitive device will test your plugs, clean the ones that are still good, indicate which should be replaced.

2 Change to the New AC Plug



Its aircraft insulator gives quicker starts, more sustained power, more miles to the gallon. No shorting, no cracking, points last longer.

3 Use the AC Plug Service regularly



Drive into any official AC Plug Cleaning and Testing Station at regular intervals and have your AC plugs maintained at "factory-fresh" efficiency.

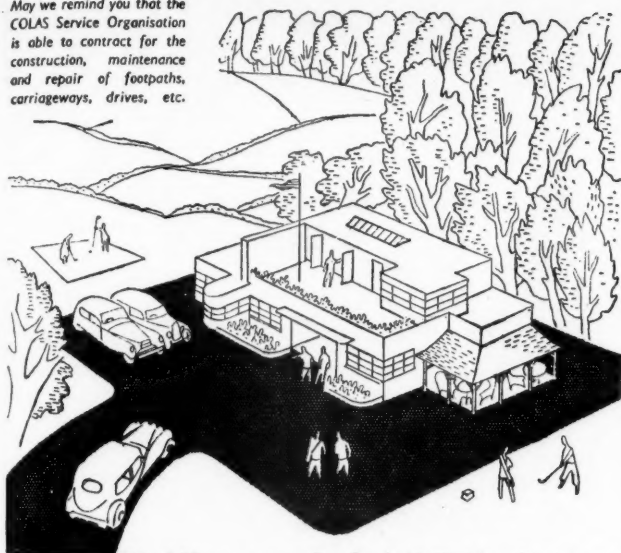
DID YOU KNOW that a dirty or faulty spark plug can waste as much as one gallon of precious petrol in every ten? Don't let this happen to you. Try the AC Extra Mileage Plan. Learn how to cut petrol consumption as much as 1/10th.

Sponsored by the makers of

the new AC plug

WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR

May we remind you that the COLAS Service Organisation is able to contract for the construction, maintenance and repair of footpaths, carriageways, drives, etc.

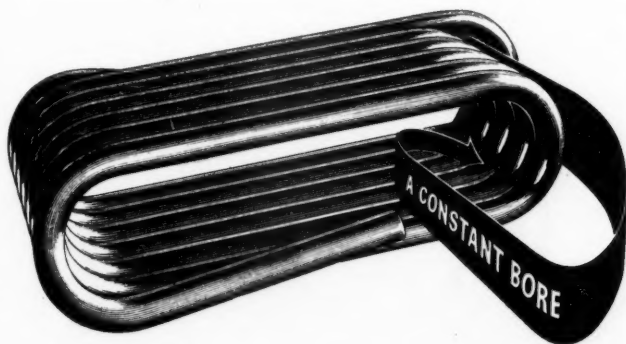


This clubhouse surround surfaced with COLAS is resistant to wear and weather and will last for years without attention. COLAS is applied cold, can be laid in almost any weather, and needs no special apparatus or skilled labour. Coloured chippings can be used for the final coat. Long-lasting—clean and dust-free—inexpensive—COLAS suits any job from a garden path to a public highway.

COLAS EMULSION

THE SURFACE THAT CAN TAKE IT

Colas Products Limited • 418-422 Strand London W.C.2 • Temple Bar 9841



THROUGHOUT its entire length (all 23 feet of it), this steel tube was made to such very precise limits that it proved to be a constant bore to everybody, including the refrigerator manufacturer, who prefers it like that so that his machine will work efficiently. Accles & Pollock have a particularly strong bent for the skilful manipulation of steel tubes, and can usually show a saving in time, trouble, weight and cost.

ACCLES & POLLOCK

OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM

Makers and manipulators of seamless tubes in stainless and other steels



in Siam, too...

they're glad they've got

GILBEY'S GIN

Throughout the four quarters of the world there are smokers who, from experience, know Craven Mixture to be one of the finest and most satisfying tobaccos ever made.



4/3

an ounce in
Fine Cut
or Double
Broad Cut:

"It is a Tobacco to live for"

Sir James Barrie in
"My Lady Nicotine"



12-13 ST. GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 7444



OXTAIL, MOCK TURTLE, MULLIGATAWNY, MEAT,
KIDNEY, TOMATO, CREAM OF MUSHROOM



RECIPE FOR PEACE . . . You may smoke because you have nothing better to do — in which case it doesn't matter what you smoke. But if you would break a habit and acquire a taste you will seek the complete satisfaction that belongs only to the finest Turkish leaf . . . You begin by choosing Turkish for the special occasion; you continue to smoke less because you enjoy more; you end in the devoted company of the discreet few to whom a cigarette is meaningless unless it is surnamed

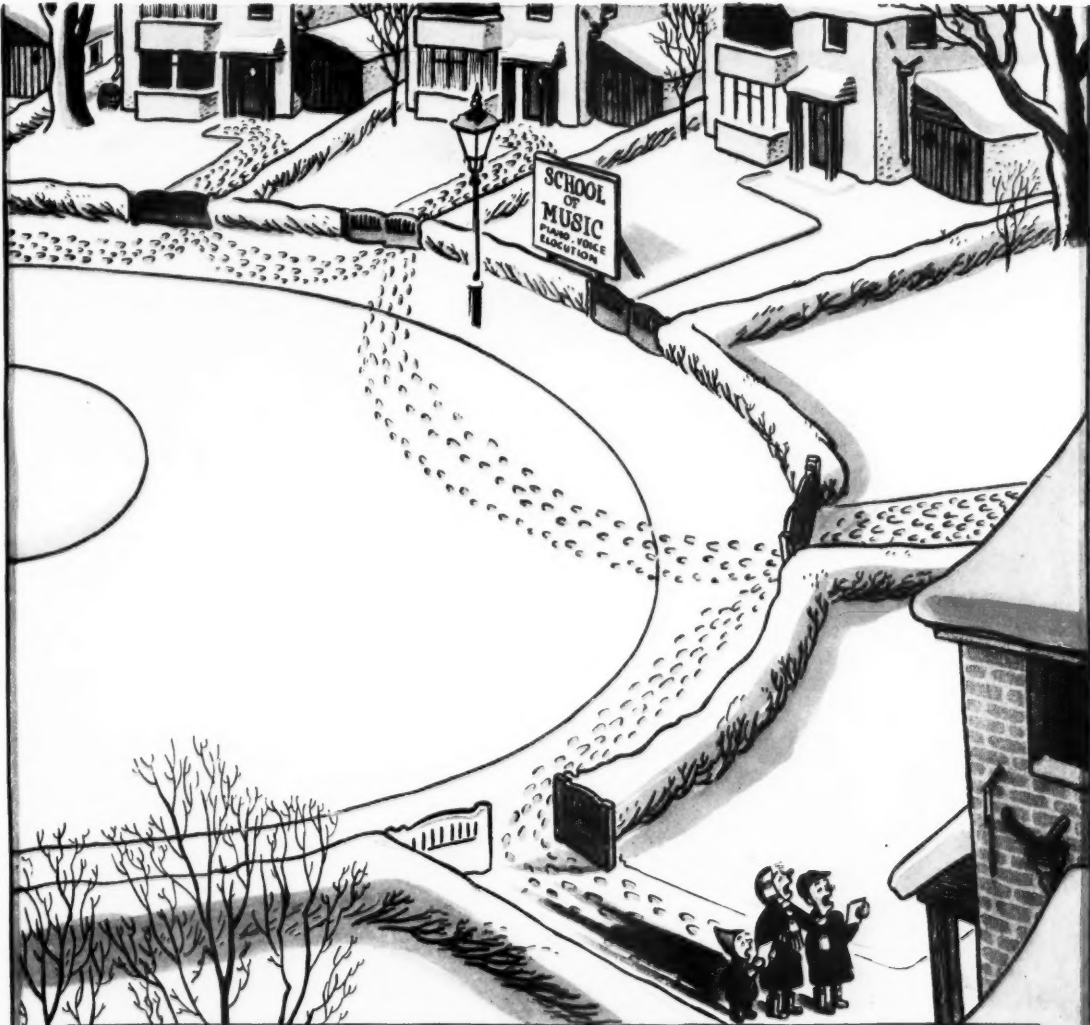
Balkan Sobranie



MONK & GLASS
is jolly good Custard



Punch Almanack for 1949



January			February			March			April			May			June														
M	2	9	16	23	30	S			6	13	20	27	S			1	8	15	22	29	S			5	12	19	26		
Tu	3	10	17	24	31	M			7	14	21	28	M			2	9	16	23	30	M			6	13	20	27		
W	4	11	18	25		Tu			1	8	15	22	Tu			3	10	17	24	31	Tu			7	14	21	28		
Th	5	12	19	26		W			2	9	16	23	W			4	11	18	25		W			1	8	15	22		
F	6	13	20	27		Th			3	10	17	24	Th			5	12	19	26		Th			2	9	16	23		
S	7	14	21	28		F			4	11	18	25	F			6	13	20	27		F			3	10	17	24		
S	1	8	15	22	29	S			5	12	19	26	S			2	9	16	23	30	S			4	11	18	25		
July			August			September			October			November			December														
M	3	10	17	24	31	S			7	14	21	28	S			1	8	15	22	29	S			4	11	18	25		
Tu	4	11	18	25		M			1	8	15	22	M			2	9	16	23	30	M			5	12	19	26		
W	5	12	19	26		Tu			2	9	16	23	Tu			3	10	17	24	31	Tu			6	13	20	27		
Th	6	13	20	27		W			3	10	17	24	Th			4	11	18	25		W			7	14	21	28		
Th	7	14	21	28		Th			4	11	18	25	Th			5	12	19	26		Th			1	8	15	22		
F	1	8	15	22	29	F			5	12	19	26	F			6	13	20	27		F			2	9	16	23		
S	2	9	16	23	30	S			6	13	20	27	S			1	8	15	22	29	S			3	10	17	24		

— Brockton



"And another thing . . ."

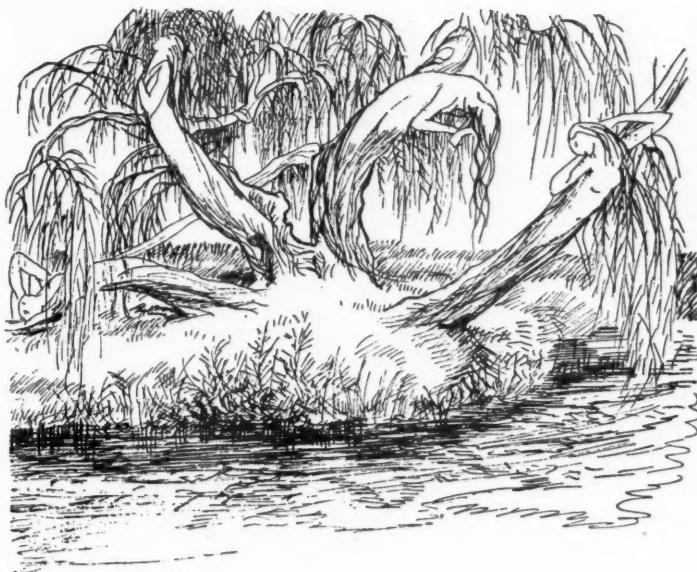
IN Anston-by-the-Water
the willow-sallies stare
forever in their mirrors
and ever stare in vain;
the wind puts shining curl-pins
of silver in their hair;
but ay their mirrors tell them
that they are lank and plain,
which grieves the willow-sallies,
which grieves the willow-sallies
of Anston-by-the-Water,
and that is why
they sigh.

In Anston-by-the-Water
the bonny lasses stare
forever in their mirrors,
for beauty's path is plain—
they read the glib instructions
but find no comfort there;
for ay their mirrors tell them
their efforts are in vain,
which grieves the bonny lasses,
which grieves the bonny lasses
of Anston-by-the-Water,
and that is why
they sigh.

In Anston-by-the-Water
the willow-sallies shed
cold tears into their mirrors
because the skies are dull;
the rain's cool comb of silver
sleeks every drooping head,
and ay their mirrors whisper
that they are beautiful,
which sways the willow-sallies,
which sways the willow-sallies
of Anston-by-the-Water,
but by-and-by
they sigh.

In Anston-by-the-Water
at evenings, for a while,
upon the ancient foot-bridge
the lads and lasses meet,
the girls forget their mirrors
and I have seen them smile
at what was whispered to them
so foolish and so sweet;
they lean upon the bridge, then,
they lean upon the bridge, then,
in Anston-by-the-Water,
and—why I know not—sigh. R. C. S.

Anston-by-the-Water



More Care Should Be Taken About Everything.

AS everybody knows, the place to be about sunset is on the Avenue Pahlevi. The water rushes by in the jube and there is a pleasant smell of dust sprinkled with water, mixed with the smell of charcoal and Chashlik and water-melons, and everyone is in his pyjamas smoking cigarettes. The lazy fellows who walk about and do nothing all day have washed their old clothes and the sun has dried them on the pavement, and the taxis are rushing up and down to Shimran.

Mr. Mouradion and Mr. Zucca from Baku were there, and Mahmood Khan my lawyer of course in his black suit and white slippers and his umbrella. I was explaining to them about the kutcheh where I live. Our kutcheh is a pretty one and is called Kutcheh Said-Ud-Dowlah. It is very respectable. There are big trees down each side, and the water in the jubes makes a tinkling sound and is not fouled by the street-sweeper. These others said that it was possible to exaggerate these things, as, for example, who cared about the Kutcheh Said-Ud-Dowlah when one is on the Pahlevi?

I explained about this digging in our street.

"Everywhere," I said, "they are digging. They are mad. And they are digging without caution or respect for the citizen. And what is the result? In the dark your toe strikes the bottom of a mound of earth and stones, and without warning you are rushing to the top. Suddenly at the top there is nothing. Then you are going down, so to speak."

"And on the other side?" said Mr. Zucca.

"Aie, Aie," said Mr. Mouradion, opening his toes under the water, for he was sitting with his feet in the jube. "This is the way with running. You are running, and suddenly there is a mistake . . ." I could hardly contain myself, hearing this nonsense. Mr. Zucca wiped his head, which is bald, with his handkerchief. Then he stirred his tea.

"What are they looking for in your kutcheh?" he asked. "All these holes you are telling us about . . ."

"More care should be taken," said Mahmood Khan, "when travelling without a light."

"They are mending the road," I said.

"No," said Mr. Mouradion, "perhaps they are looking for something. Perhaps there are pipes as in Europe . . . anything, in fact . . ."

"What do you mean, No?" I said. "Whose is the kutcheh? Also you have never been in Europe."

"I have read," said Mr. Mouradion.

"There are no pipes," I said. "It is Nature only down there."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mr. Zucca.

"Well," I said, "if they are looking for something, God is witness that it has not up to this time been found. The hearts of all living in our kutcheh will be uplifted when it is."

"It is the 'Little Comrades' who are behind all this," said Mr. Zucca.

"God forbid," said Mahmood Khan.

"Behind all what?" I asked.

"All the upset. All the social arrangements upset in your street and so on . . ."

"I am sick of the 'Little Comrades,'" I said impatiently. "You think of nothing else."

"Ha!" said Mr. Zucca. "You think it is not the 'Little Comrades'? The 'Little Comrades' are everywhere. It is finished with the Germans and the British. One day the 'Little Comrades' will come, and *Pour!* There will be no little Kutcheh Said-Ud-Dowlah."

He brushed his hands together as though he were getting rid of our little street just like that. Ignoring this

rudeness, I said: "The people behind all this are the contractors."

But that is the way with Mr. Zucca. He had a little boat on the Caspian and his wife made dolls in the last war. One day the "Little Comrades" came, and here was Mr. Zucca in our city without his little boat. Every conversation is about the "Little Comrades."

"I am sick of the 'Little Comrades,'" I said again.

"Well, well," said Mr. Zucca, "have patience for God's sake."

"This is the way it is," said Mr. Mouradion, stroking his chin.

Anyone would think Mr. Mouradion was a thoughtful man, but really of course he is stupid. So I went on with my story.

"One night," I said, "I found a stranger down one of these holes. 'Is it possible to administer some relief?' I said. 'Do you live here?' said this stranger. 'Yes,' I said, 'such are the arrangements.' 'Remove yourself,' he said, 'and all your family. I have placed this kutcheh under a special curse.' 'This has already been done,' I said. 'I am an astrologer by profession,' he answered. 'That is different,' I said. 'Nevertheless, be calm, friend. They are only mending the road.' He went on cursing. 'That's enough,' I said. 'No more of it. . . .'"

"Ach," said Mr. Zucca, "there is no vodka in my tea and I am sick of this talk. . . ."

"What about the 'Little Comrades'?" I said. Mr. Mouradion joined in.

"People think," he said, "that to-morrow there will be a procession of the poor led by the Tudeh. There will be a violin and much shouting of choruses. The comrades are paying five rials and one loaf of bread to all taking part."

"They are also giving free citizenship and land to the faithful," said Mahmood Khan. "They are against all those who are always looking backwards."

"In our street," I said, "nobody looks backwards."

"You have a frivolous spirit," said Mahmood Khan severely. He took off his shoe and shook out the pebbles.

"Has no protest been made about this digging?" said Mr. Mouradion.

"Always the digging," said Mr. Zucca.

"There was a man in charge," I said. "Some sort of foreigner. 'What's this?' I said to him one day, 'all this filth and so on? What is it all about?'"



"Is there a doctor in the house who has joined the National Health Scheme, and has a vacancy on his list for a rather urgent application?"



"Oh, dear, that means all those wretched horses and dogs will be streaming through here again!"

'I will explain,' he said. By God, friends, he spoke all the languages."

"There is no end to the impudence of these foreigners," said Mr. Mouradion.

"This is true," said Mahmood Khan in a soft voice.

"At the end this fellow said 'Pass on, old one. Thy khanun will put horns on thy head in the meanwhile with the help of God.' 'Allah,' I said, 'in whom thou dost not believe, and who is the reward of the just, tie thee presently with the gripe.' 'Procure for thy dinner one-tenth part of a jackass and other suitable portions,' he answered. What was there to say after this?"

"What is the end of this tale, friend?" said Mahmood Khan.

"I was in a rage all over again thinking about that conversation. But the worst was this. One day I came back and prepared carefully to enter our kutcheh. There they were, patting and smoothing the new cement with pieces of wood. 'It is not possible to come in here to-day,' they said. 'The cement is new and comes from America.'"

"What a country, America," said Mr. Zucca. "It is said that all the women..."

"What could I do? So I went round to the other end, going all along the Naderi to get there. And there...? What did I find there?"

"We are waiting," said Mahmood Khan, after spitting carefully into the water.

"Others are patting cement at this end also."

"The Americans exchange all this cement for the dates and other things..."

Mr. Mouradion was speaking again, you see. But who wanted to listen to Mr. Mouradion?

"And the consequence, friends? I am outside. My house is inside. They said to have patience. My blood was boiling."

"God forbid it," said Mahmood Khan.

"No nonsense, I pulled my trousers up and stamped right across it."

"The new cement? My God!" said Mr. Zucca. "They will kill you."

"All this is past," I said; "if you were listening you would know this."

"It is as though I had not spoken," said Mr. Zucca. "Try to be calm about everything."

"And so?" said Mr. Mouradion.

"One of these coolies threw his piece of wood down and said, 'Agha, prosper. Why are you spoiling the new road, all this American cement?' He stood there scratching himself. I jumped up and down all over it to show them."

"Pah, pah, pah! What a pleasure!" said Mr. Zucca, rocking himself backwards and forwards.

"I was ashamed afterwards," I said. "One of them shook his head. 'What is the good?' he said. 'Jump up and down, Agha, and be at peace. We will do it another day.'"

"They are all animals," said Mr. Mouradion. "All the public funds wasted."

"Who are animals?" I said.

Nobody answered. So I said nothing. The tea-boy brought us more tea. It seemed that the sun had suddenly gone right out of the world. We were shivering there saying nothing till the boy brought the charcoal.

"I think I will be going now," I said. "There is no pleasure when the feet are cold."

"So you are going?" said Mr. Zucca. "Yes," I said.

Suddenly he dashed his tea-glass on the ground and smashed it into a hundred pieces. Mahmood Khan held his wrist and smoothed the back of his hand.

"How could I sleep," said Mr. Zucca in a raging voice, "after all this nonsense? What about the kutcheh? What about the holes and the cement and the rest of it? It seems to me that we have been told nothing..."

"It has been very interesting," said Mr. Mouradion.

"WHAT HAPPENED?" shouted Mr. Zucca vulgarly.

"Hum," said Mahmood Khan, "God is the knower in such cases, and says nothing."

"Nothing happened," I said with a laugh.

"It is impossible," shouted Mr. Zucca. "All my life something happened. It is impossible for nothing to happen."

"In this case," I said patiently, "the matter is different. The next day the coolies were gone. The kutcheh is as it was. Sometimes I place my foot in the footprints I left behind me. They are exactly the same size. They will always be like this..."

"The American cement is very strong," said Mr. Mouradion.

"It is a kind of history, a kind of importance," I said quietly.

Mr. Zucca stood up in a rage.

"Nothing was said," asked Mahmood Khan in a nice voice to calm Mr. Zucca, "by these persons about why they went away?"

"They explained," I said, "there was a mistake. 'The wrong street,' they said, 'has been repaired. But the cement is yours, Agha.'"

"Where did they go?" asked Mr. Zucca, trembling. Why was he so persistent?

"Perhaps they went to America for more," said Mr. Mouradion.

This was the first time we had heard Mr. Mouradion laugh, so all remained silent. At last Mahmood Khan said:

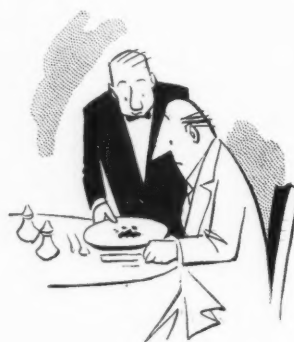
"For the present, the only thing to do is to return to our homes. When we meet again we will have forgotten this business."

And so we did. It is perhaps better to listen to a tale than to tell it.

o o

"Morris back-to-the-ball effort was ended in the next over."

Cricket report in Karachi paper. Must have been good while it lasted.





Why is it—



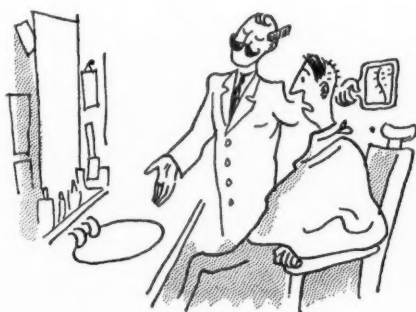
that no job—



is open to—



lay criticism—



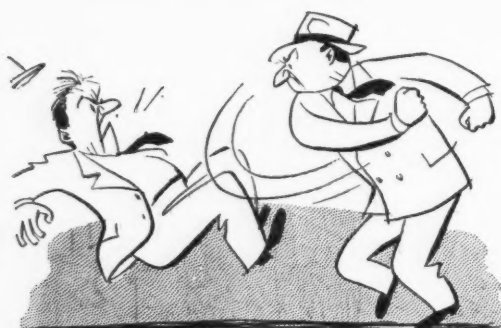
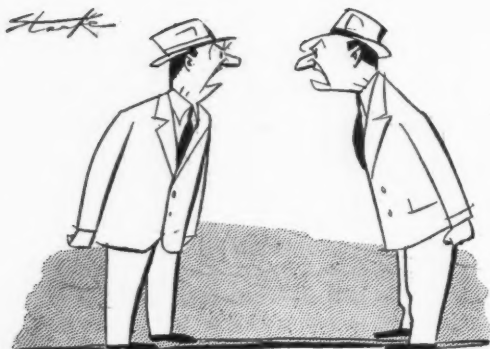
except—



mine?

Cedric Rogers.

Honesty



ANSWERING my penny the automatic stamp-machine purred, gave two internal thuds and presented me with a stamp. There followed a familiar tinkle and it gave me back my penny which I put once more into the slot. The machine bumped gratefully, gave me three penny stamps and then, after a pause, flung my penny gaily on to the pavement. While I was bending down to retrieve it the machine gave another playful little bump and stuck out its tongue a little farther at me by adding another stamp. I replaced my penny firmly in the slot and the whole panel on to which the machine was fastened, or behind which it lurked, began to shake as with unconcealable mirth, while the machine itself pumped out an unending ribbon of stamps which soon hung down to the pavement in a festoon. Finishing up with a mere six inches of gummed paper, the whole mechanism held its breath, gurgled, and flung my penny across the pavement into a nearby gutter whence I no longer had the heart to recover it.

Confronted by approximately three and a half yards of stamps and a gathering crowd who wondered no doubt whether I performed some official function or might be a stamp thief caught red-handed, I was making up my mind to run for freedom when an old lady who interpreted my position generously placed threepence into the palm of my free hand, tore off three stamps from the roll and thanked me very much. This was a decisive factor in my next fifteen minutes' conduct, since something in her kindly innocence touched off in me a chord of public-spiritedness I had not noticed before. Winding the stamps into a coil about my wrist I went into the post office.

"You'll have to take it farther along the counter," said my first contact with icy indifference. "This is old age pensions and children's allowances."

At the neighbouring grille I waited in a shorter queue to be confronted finally by a ginger-headed youth taking in telegrams.

"Sorry," he sang cheerfully. "Got my hands full as it is. Try farther down."

Beneath a sign encouragingly marked "Stamps, Postal Orders, Money Orders" sat a stout woman whose whole being was concentrated upon what appeared a monument of book-keeping. I opened my mouth to speak, but something of the sheer determination expressed in her handwriting held me fascinated as she made vast double entries in fine copper-plate. It seemed a pity to disturb her somehow.

Next came that esoteric section to which only the most fortunate among post-office clients seem to be initiated. A young lady with a finger-stall and one of those damp sponges for wetting sticky labels asked the next person in the queue "How many is it?"

"Five," was the reply. "An' the cock makes six."

"Is it on your premises or on an allotment?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" said the client in front of me. "Of course I wouldn't dream of such a thing. We keep them in the garden."

"Then it's the food office," said the young lady with the finger-stall finally. "Next please?"

A small wiry little man of the type which trains greyhounds pushed past me.

"Three at two and two at three," he rapped tersely.

"Three at two and two at three?" echoed the girl behind the grille. "Why certainly!"

Clearly pleased at this business-like passage, she handed him a series of buff forms, leaving me as next in line to confront her with my miserable roll of penny stamps. She

looked steadily into my face with an air of wide-eyed amazement exaggerated by the thickness of her spectacles. I wondered what she looked like with her glasses off and whether her eyelashes were really as long as they appeared, since it seemed they must brush against the lenses. Then sensing the quizzical upraising of her brows as her eyes glanced at the stamps I held, I gulped and stammered, realized she had said something to me which I had not understood, and crept miserably towards the man who, by virtue of his position mid-way between the parcel scales and the flap of the counter, I have always taken for the manager.

"How many is it?" he queried, summing up the situation remarkably.

Unrolling the stamps from my wrist I counted carefully two hundred and fourteen penny stamps which he took from me, counted for himself, said he made it two hundred and fifteen, and passed it to his neighbour for checking.

"Two hundred and fifteen," said the young lady, wetting her finger-stall on the sponge.

Her eyes were dark-blue and, behind her glasses, looked like pebbles shining from the bottom of a clear stream.

I regarded the appearance of the ginger-headed boy who came suddenly leering over her shoulder as a most unwarrantable intrusion.

"Whatsit?" he said with marked indifference.

"Two hundred and fifteen for refund," said the manager.

"Down the other end of the counter," said the boy.

Following him down to the point where I had first started,

I watched him count the stamps again while entering up their value in a book. Then he turned upon me fiercely.

"One's ten and five's fifteen," he chanted. "And two and a half's seventeen and six and five's eleven."

As he spoke he presented me with a ten shilling note followed by a heap of smaller change.

The old age pensions and children's allowances looked aghast at me. The young lady watched with eyebrows arched over her thick spectacles, while even the lady with the ledger abandoned her work to come over and examine me as I expostulated that the machine had returned me my penny four times and that in addition a passer-by in the street had paid me threepence and removed its equivalent in stamps.

The manager came over to me and with a patience almost threatening asked: "Look, sir. What precisely is it you want?"

This was enough. I turned on my heels and ran from the building, nor paused in my flight until two hundred yards stood between me and the scene of my confusion. Then I realized there was something in my hand which I had not noticed before. It was a letter bearing a three halfpenny stamp and I realized I still had no penny stamp to make up the postage.

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Aftermath of a Summer Wedding

"Pale Blue Bridesmaids' Dresses (2), plus Head-dresses and Mittens, £12."—Adv. in "Derby Advertiser."



"Now, remember, when we get to the dessert you tell your funny story of how I broke six priceless Spode plates helping to wash up at the Robinson's."

Otto and the March of Time

AMONG the many contributions made to modern knowledge by members of my family I give precedence to the occasion when my eldest brother Otto first timed a dream. Scientific theory, up to that time, was divided into two schools: there were people who believed that a dream was instantaneous, and others who maintained that it took time to have one. It was Otto who demonstrated beyond doubt that the second theory was correct. It was one of those happy scientific accidents which happen occasionally, like Galvani and the frog's legs, and was the outcome of a lot of unconscious teamwork.

My father was a mild man, but he couldn't stand his own family, and, looking back, I can see his point. He retired early in the struggle to his first line of defence, which was clocks. We had twenty-eight in the house, of which about fifteen were in more or less regular work. They kept a somewhat moody and personal account of the passing hours, and when anybody asked the time they had to be given a qualified answer, such as "Ten-thirty by the Tompion," or "Wind-mills says a quarter past." Only members of the family knew what to make of these figures, or had the length of training required to sort out the true notes from the false in the mad chiming which began five minutes before every hour and went on long after real clocks were showing five past. Some of the more crotchety timepieces refused to stick to one recital at a time (the wrong one as a rule) and worked their way through their entire repertoire. The nights were full of alarm, and occasional visitors were brought wild-eyed from their beds by the sound of heavy gunfire. They were rarely reassured by the sleepy explanation that it was only one of the grandfathers that had dropped a weight.

My next oldest brother, Carl, was a brooder. He detested bacon, and when I was little he used to make me eat his share at breakfast and take my egg instead. He was caught at this one day and given a beating, so he had to think up some other method of getting rid of the stuff. I didn't realize what it was until one day my father told me to bring him a pair of shoes which he didn't often wear. He put the left one on, and then paused and took it off again. He felt inside it cautiously and pulled out a very old piece of bacon. He looked at it for some time in a puzzled way.

"Who put this bacon in my shoes?" he said finally.

"I expect it was Carl," I answered.

"But why," said my father, "why would he put it there?"

"I expect it's because he doesn't like it," I said.

My father didn't say anything, but shortly afterwards he retired to his second line of defence, which was golf. He played golf every Sunday, rain or shine, and if the weather was too bad he retired to the clubhouse and played solo whist. He never came home until late, and then he would go to the drawer where the clock winding keys were kept and fill his pockets with them. After that he would tour the house, in darkness so as not to wake us up, and wind all the clocks that were working. He generally fell over a few times in the darkness, and if he found one of the clocks was wrong he used to put it right. If you know anything about grandfather clocks you'll realize that this generally involves moving the pointers round the whole face, stopping to let the clock strike every hour and every half-hour as well, so that by the time he had finished the whole house was awake and reading books. All except Otto, that is, and he could sleep through an earthquake. It was in this way that he made his great discovery: through the clocks, not an earthquake.

My father came home one Sunday after playing golf and started his winding tour. He got as far as the grandfather on the upstairs landing. It was a superb piece of craftsmanship with beautiful marquetry work, but not on striking terms with Big Ben, and when he checked it against his own half-hunter he found it was twenty minutes slow. He put it right and started to wind it up, but when the second weight reached the top the pulley-wheel must have tripped the mechanism in some way, because it dropped with a fearful crash, splintering the floor of the clock and fetching some sizable bits of plaster down from the dining-room ceiling. I came out in my dressing-gown and found my father on his hands and knees in the dark, groping about in the bottom of the clock and muttering. I switched on the landing light and saw that his left hand was full of bits of bacon, very dirty and green with mould.

"That was a loud one," I said.

"What are you doing with that bacon?"

"I found it in the bottom of the clock," said my father.

At that moment Otto came out of his bedroom in his pyjamas.

"Interesting thing," he began. "I heard you come upstairs and start winding the clock, and then I fell asleep."

"Who put this bacon in the clock?" said my father.

"I can't imagine," said Otto coldly. "As I was saying, I fell asleep and started to dream. I dreamed I was being pursued by some people—"

"I expect it was Carl," I said.

"No," said Otto, "I didn't recognize any of them. Anyway, they chased me across the bridge in the middle of the town, and in order to escape I climbed on to the outside of the railings and worked my way along the coping."

My father was standing, still holding the bacon. I felt cold, and I wanted to go back to bed, but there was no stopping Otto.

"I reached the middle of the bridge, where there's a coat of arms in cast iron and a motto that says 'Nil Desperandum.' I was clinging desperately to the motto, when suddenly the whole lot gave way, and I started to fall into the river a hundred and fifty feet below." He paused dramatically. He had his audience by this time; even father was waiting to hear the end of it.

"I hurtled downwards," said Otto, "and hit the water with a fearful crash. I woke up."

"Well?" said father.

"It was the noise of the clock weight hitting the floor," said Otto triumphantly. "Don't you see," he went on, his eyes gleaming, "my dream took just as long as the clock weight took to get to the top and then fall down to the bottom."

There was silence for a minute, then my father turned to me.

"Tell me," he said, "why Carl puts bacon in the clocks. Just tell me that before my reason goes."

"I've told you before," I said. "Because he doesn't like it."

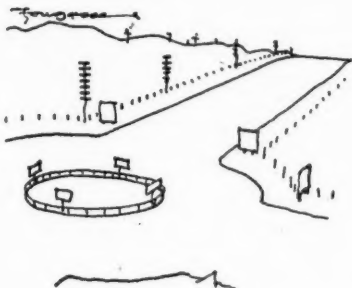
"I know he doesn't like it," said my father, his voice rising thinly; "but why put it in the clocks, in heaven's name?"

"I expect it's because the shoes are all full," I said.

Song of the Cold

I'VE never seen a vitamin,
I never want to see one;
But if I've got to take them in,
I'd rather C than B.

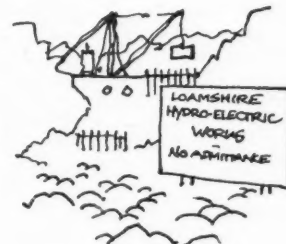
And now let me take you to see what I've always thought was one of the finest views in the whole of Britain. We go up—



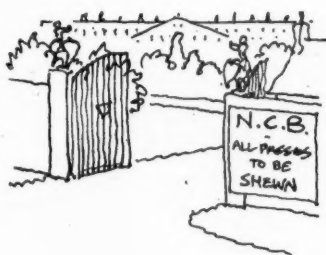
what used to be a dear little path over the hill—



and down the other side over what used to be a charming old ferry—



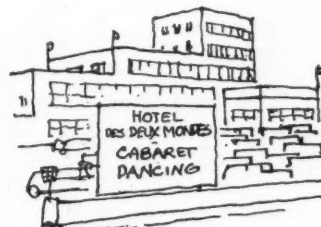
past what used to be a magnificent waterfall—



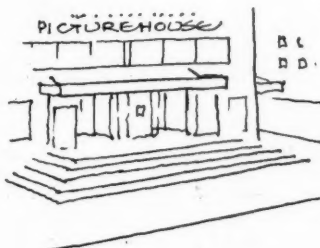
and past the lodge gates of what used to be one of the very Stateliest Homes of England—



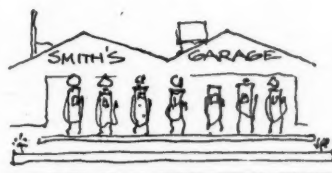
turning right at what used to be the sweetest little village shop—



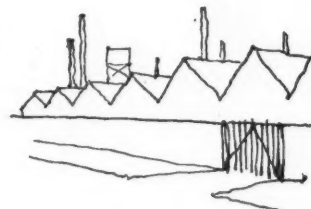
past what used to be the old posting inn—



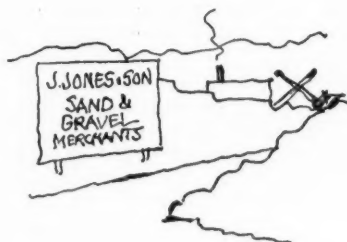
and what used to be the little village hall—



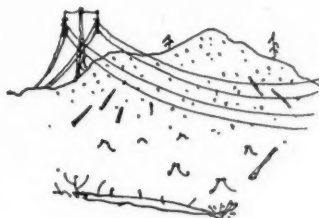
and what used to be the old village smithy—



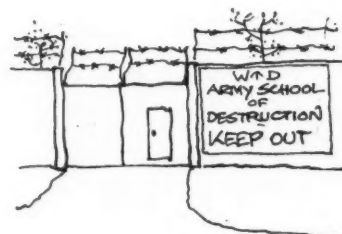
round by what used to be the bird-sanctuary—



and what used to be the Abbey ruins—



up through what used to be Titania's Wood, and—



there it is.



"It's marked here QUITE plainly—'Not to be opened till Christmas.'"

The Predictions of Posnett

HOW I miss, in these dubious times, the advice of Posnett, and the way he used to dominate a conversation by the quiet announcement of what the Government was going to do next. And not only would he tell me what our own Government meant to do, but many a time he has told me, in confidence, what was going to happen in European affairs, often before it had quite been decided in the Chancelleries. My reader may wonder if this source of information, which once was so easily accessible to me, was not sometimes wrong. But that is not the point: had it been sometimes wrong, it would not have had the value that I now see that it had. For it is only by looking back carefully over many years that I realize it was always wrong; that there was never a single exception. This, he would have explained to me some while after any one of his prophecies, was no fault whatever of his, but was only due to the unnecessary secrecy with which the Cabinet rather tiresomely concealed their decisions; but at the time he uttered them any shadow of such secrecy was brushed aside with an easy grace, and not only I, but all present, always felt a delighted awe at the sight of this one man peering so easily into the future through veils that obscured it to us. So, had I realized then, as I do now by retrospection, that all his prophecies were invariably statements of what would not occur, it may be guessed how much I might have made on Stock Exchanges or Bourses. Vainly I try to construct prophecies as he would have made them. Vainest of all, my efforts to recapture the easy grace with which he would throw into a conversation that Hitler and his immediate entourage had decided against war, on account of the lack of petrol available to the German Reich, a very necessary provision of modern warfare. He never argued, never insisted; only quietly told one what the Prime Minister had decided to do, or the Amir, or the Mikado. What would he say of to-day? His quiet certainty I cannot recapture, and without that the prophecies that I try to construct must lose more than half of their charm. Something perhaps on these lines: "Yes, the Americans have got the atomic bomb, but it cannot be of much use to them, for the simple reason that their sole source of supply for its principal ingredient is China. Its main ingredient, as you may not know, is heavy water. Now it so

happens that the only water of the requisite weight is that of the Yangtse Kiang, and unfortunately for them, only in the upper reaches, where they cannot get at it: it gets dissipated lower down by the quantities of common water that come in from the tributaries. Water, as you may not know, is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. That is what is called its chemical composition. But heavy water is quite a different thing, and has a composition that we need not go into. Well, it is quite an essential part of an atomic bomb. So that, though the Americans are in a position to blow up whom they please, they are somewhat awkwardly situated in that they have to ask the permission of the Chinese whenever they want to do it. This means of course that the centre of any political disturbance is not where people usually suppose, but along the upper reaches of the Yangtse. An extremely well-informed mandarin told me quite recently . . ."

Now what would he have told him? If only I could be sure of that I would back the opposite and feel that I knew something. Or perhaps it is more to the Kremlin that he would have looked for his information; or rather for ours, for information seemed to come to

him naturally. I think he would have explained how under a rough exterior Mr. Molotov had a heart of uranium, and was anxious to agree with the Western powers, but that their rather harsh approach to somewhat delicate problems made any agreement difficult. Yet, in spite of this, the camaraderie of the Kremlin would shortly triumph by forcing upon the West a complete reconciliation.

I think, too, that he would have told me exactly how they made an atomic bomb; but that he would have told me in confidence, so that I could not in any case have passed the information on, and will not try to do so now. Perhaps it would be better for the world if atomic bombs were made only from the recipe he would have given me. D.

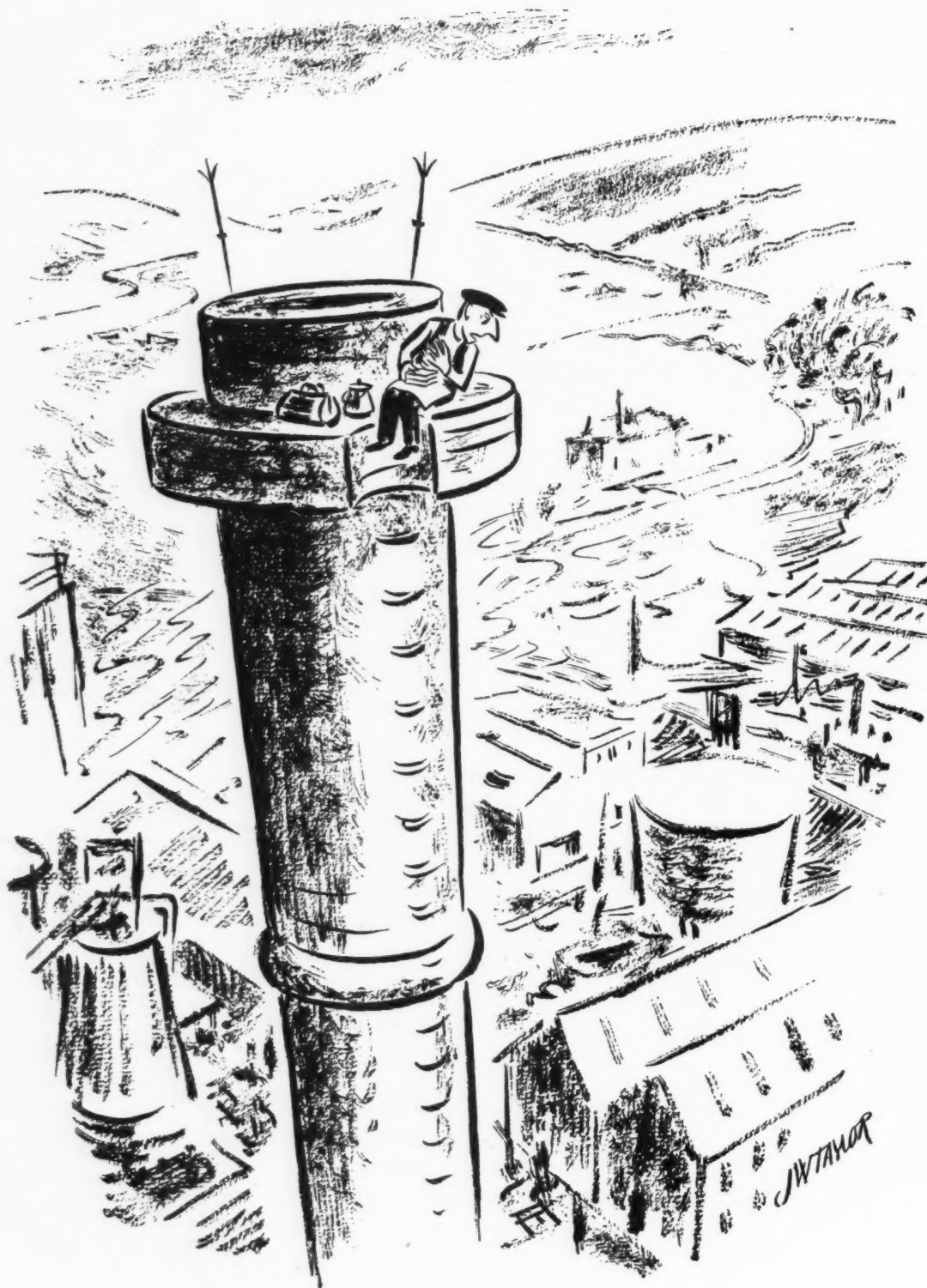
"If you are interested in rising early Sunday morning to do battle with the wily fox, be at the Empress Hotel in Chilliwack at five. There you will find a pack of hounds, hunters, equipped with horns and other equipment necessary for a fox hunt. The shoot is open to all, and have no fear for saddle sores because we are informed it is done by car."

"Vancouver Daily Province."

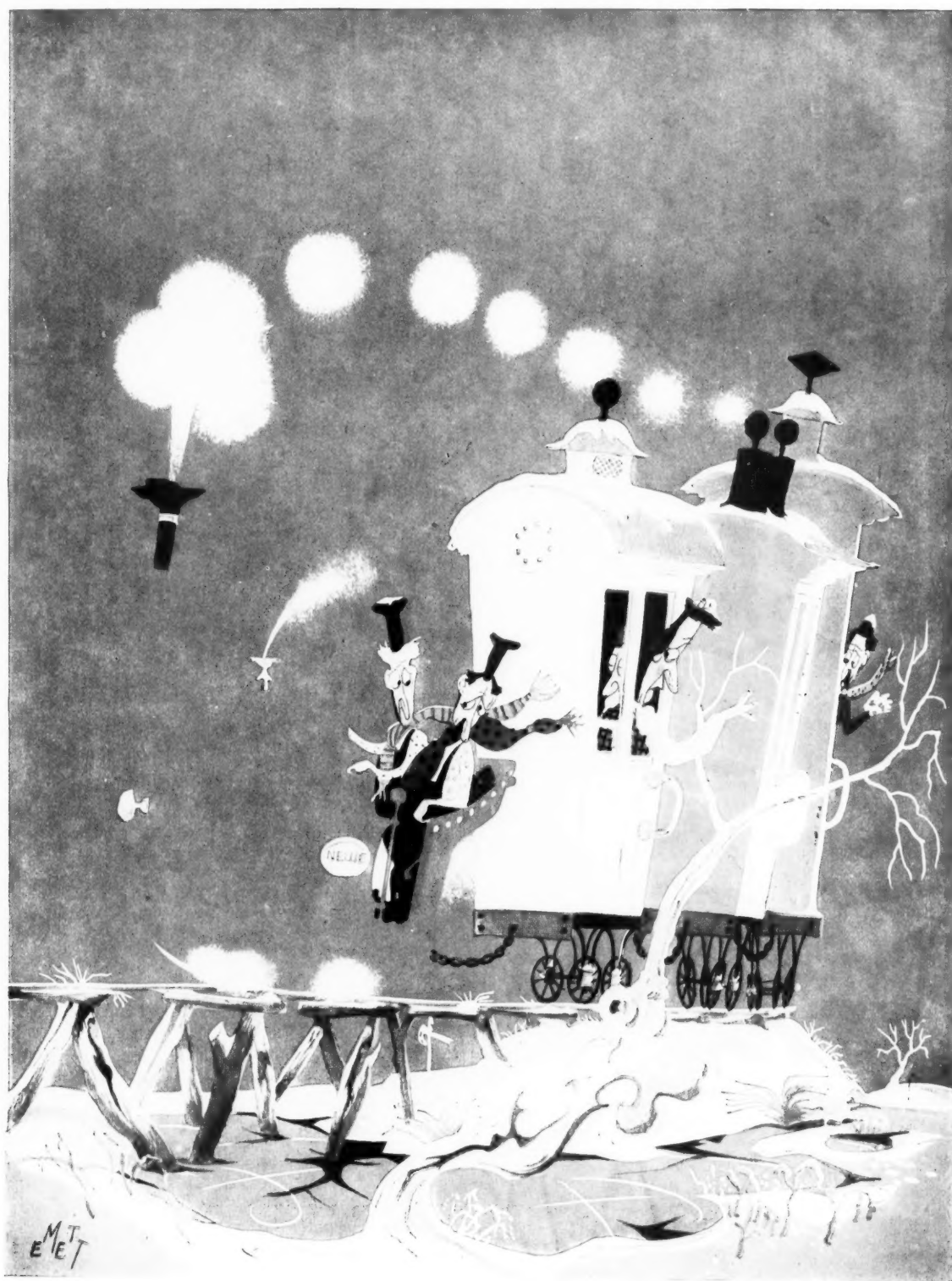
Yoicks!



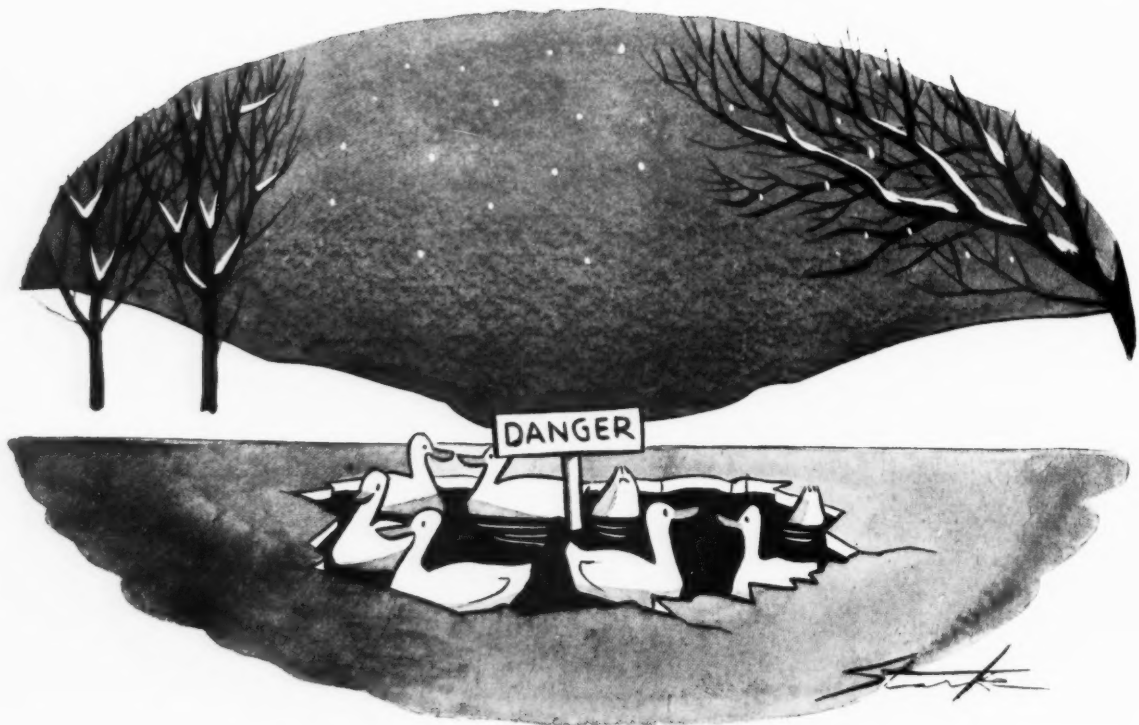
"Psst—ask your mother if she wants to buy a turkey."



"Ha! Butter side down, of course!"



"You know, there are some days I doubt whether they 'AVE chosen the best colour for the engine . . ."



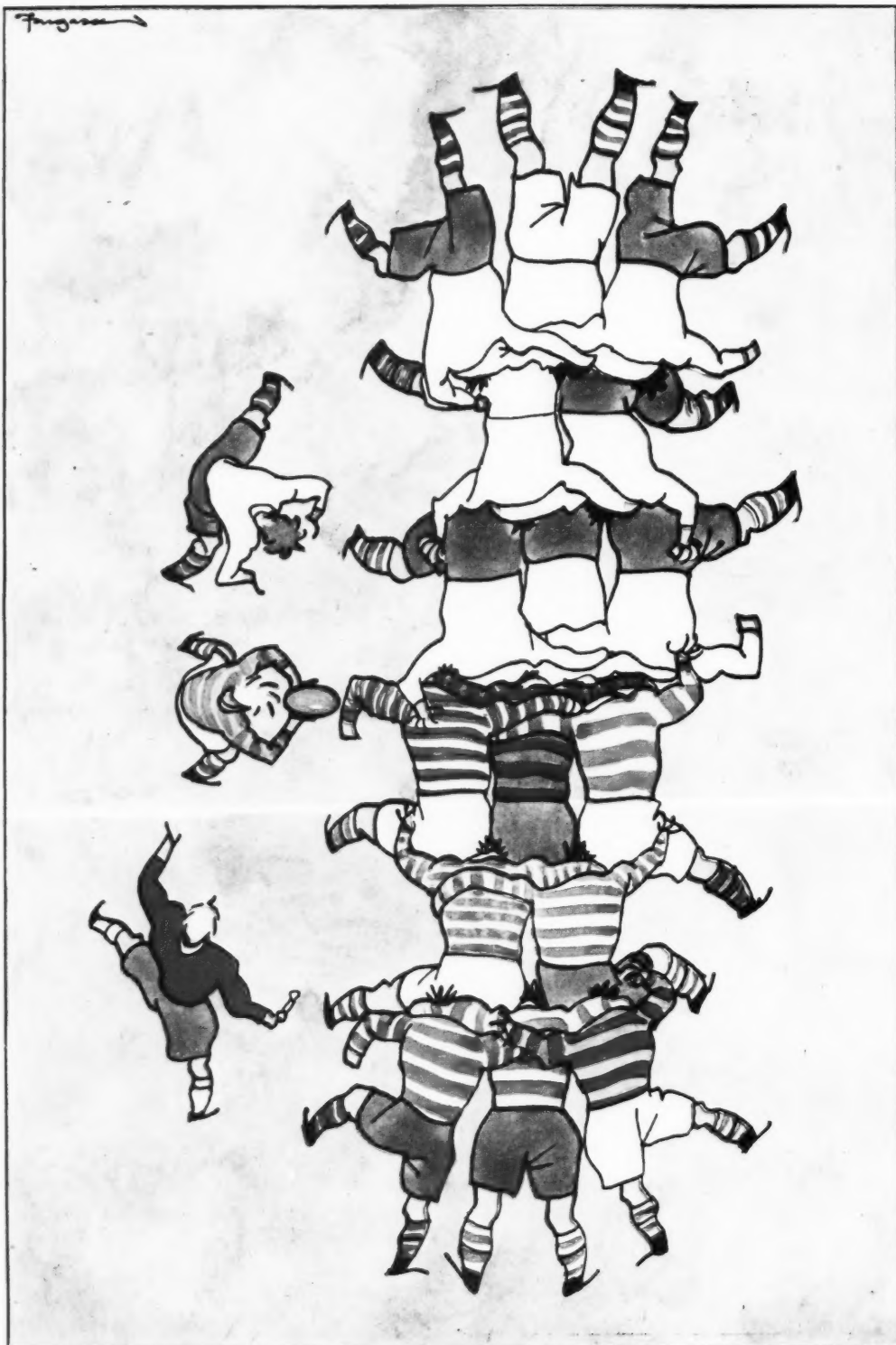


The sailor at sea dreams of Christmas at home.

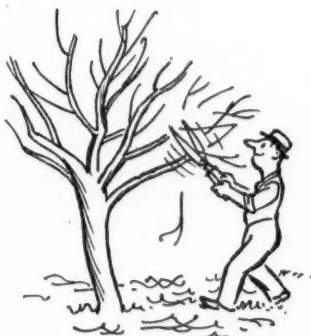


The sailor at home dreams of Christmas at sea.

Soccer fans affirm that Rugger's dull to look at . . .



. . . they can't have seen our annual start-of-the-season Whites v. Colours.



PRUNING



The Turn of the Tide

BREATHLESS was the air over Bethlehem; black and bare

The fields; hard as granite were the clods;
Hedges stiff with ice; the sedge, in the vice
Of the ponds, like little iron rods.

The deathly stillness spread from Bethlehem; it was shed

Wider each moment on the land;
Through rampart and wall into camp and into hall
Stole the hush. All tongues were at a stand.
Travellers at their beer in taverns turned to hear
The landlord—that oracle was dumb;

At the Procurator's feast a jocular freedman ceased
His story, and gaped; all were glum.

Then the silence flowed forth to the islands and the north

And it smoothed the unquiet river-bars,
And levelled out the waves from their revelling, and paved

The sea with the cold, reflected stars.

Where the Cæsar sat and signed at ease on Palatine,
Without anger, the signatures of death,

There stole into his room and on his soul a gloom,
Till he paused in his work and held his breath.

Then to Carthage and the Gauls, to Parthia and the Falls
Of Nile, to Mount Amara it crept;

The romp and rage of beasts in swamp and forest ceased,
The jungle grew still as if it slept.

So it ran about the girth of the planet. From the Earth

The signal, the warning, went out,
Away beyond the air; her neighbours were aware
Of change, they were troubled with doubt.

Salamanders in the Sun who brandish as they run

Tails like the Americas in size,
Were stunned by it and dazed; wondering, they gazed
Up at Earth, misgiving in their eyes.

In Houses and Signs the Ousiarchs divine
Grew pale and questioned what it meant;

Great Galactic lords stood back to back with swords
Half-drawn, awaiting the event,

And a whisper among them passed, "Is this perhaps the last

Of our story and the glories of our crown?—
The entropy worked out?—the central redoubt
Abandoned?—The world-spring running down?"

Then they could speak no more. Weakness overbore
Even them; they were as flies in a web,
In lethargy stone-dumb. The death had almost come,
And the tide lay motionless at ebb.

Like a stab at that moment over Crab and Bowman,
Over Maiden and Lion, came the shock
Of returning life, the start, the burning pang at heart,
Setting galaxies to tingle and rock.

The Lords dared to breathe, swords went into sheathes,
A rustling, a relaxing began;

With rumour and noise of the resuming of joys
Along the nerves of the universe it ran.

Then, pulsing into space with delicate dulcet pace,
Came a music infinitely small,

But clear; and it swelled and drew nearer, till it held
All worlds with the sharpness of its call,

And now divinely deep, ever louder, with a leap
And quiver of inebriating sound,

The vibrant dithyramb shook Libra and the Ram,
The brains of Aquarius spun round—

Such a note as neither Throne nor Potentate had known
Since the Word created the abyss.

But this time it was changed into mystery, estranged,
A paradox, an ambiguous bliss.

Heaven danced to it and burned; such answer was returned
To the hush, the *Favete*, the fear

That Earth had sent out. Revel, mirth and shout
Descended to her, sphere below sphere,

Till Saturn laughed and lost his latter age's frost
And his beard, Niagara-like, unfroze;

The monsters in the Sun rejoiced; the Inconstant One,
The unwedded Moon, forgot her woes;

A shiver of re-birth and deliverance round the Earth
Went gliding; her bonds were released;

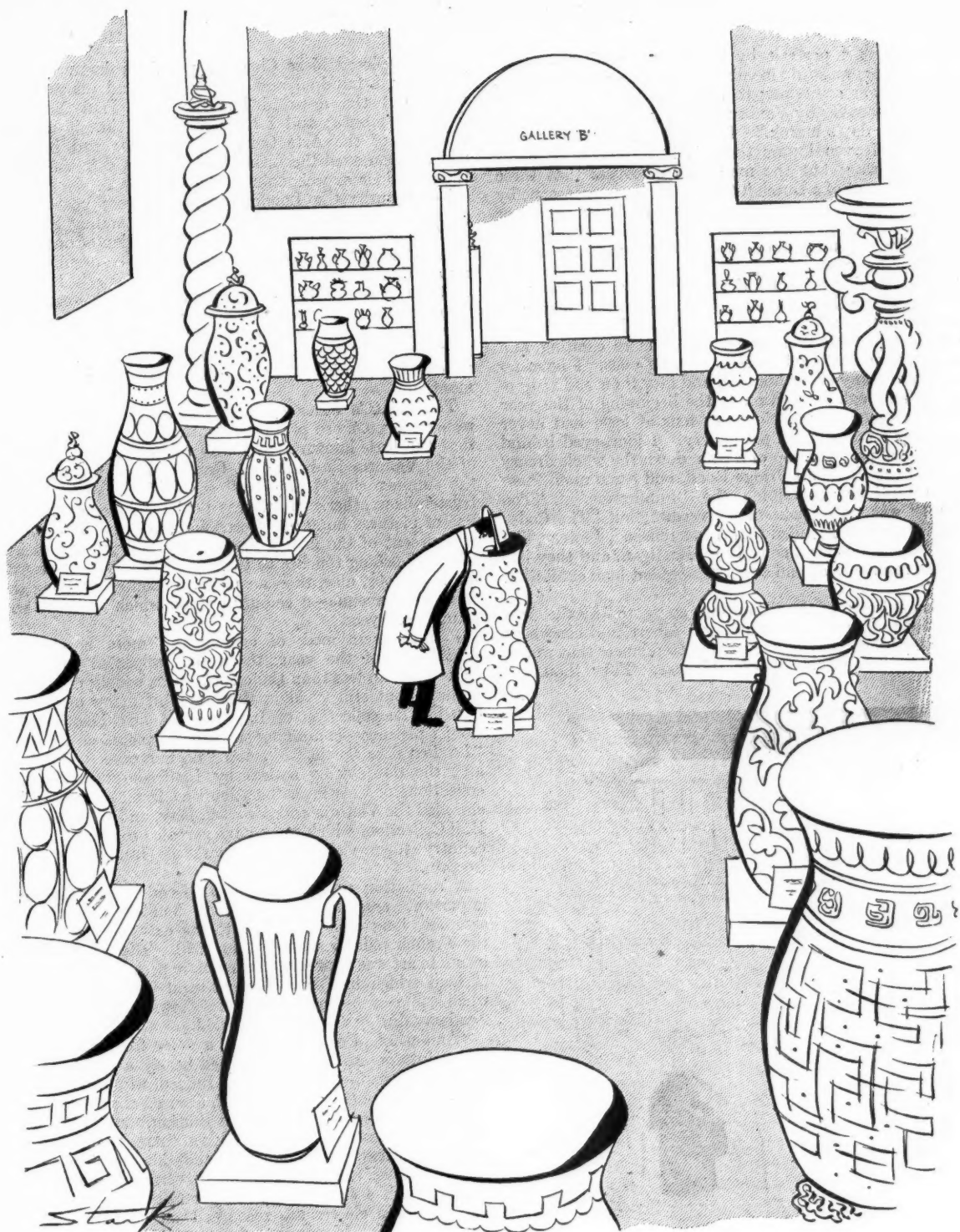
Into broken light the breeze once more awoke the seas,
In the forest it wakened every beast;

Capripods fell to dance from Taproban to France,
Leprechauns from Down to Labrador;

In his green Asian dell the Phoenix from his shell
Burst forth and was the Phoenix once more.

So Death lay in arrest. But at Bethlehem the bless'd
Nothing greater could be heard

Than sighing wind in the thorn, the cry of One new-born,
And cattle in stable as they stirred. N. W.



"Boom."

Pictures of the Year

"TO him a portrait by Titian was neither a moral tract nor a study in values," wrote a critic of Hazlitt; "it was something to be relished, like a novel by Scott or a comedy by Vanbrugh or a good meal at an inn after a long day's march." I discern great sanity in that attitude. Heaven knows there is little enough to cheer us on our way; but the man who discovers that three minutes in front of a Dutch interior, or a breezy seascape by Boudin, can send him out glowing into Trafalgar Square or Millbank to buy an evening paper and read the worst with equanimity has surely added appreciably to his diminished revenue of happiness.

The heartening thing for those of us who care for art—and care that others should care also—is the evidence of the vast number of people who have discovered that motionless pictures can sometimes be more exciting, and very often more satisfying, than moving ones. I have no notion how many of the hundred and fifty thousand visitors to the Van Gogh Exhibition at the beginning of the year were newcomers to painting, but four at least had never previously set foot in an art gallery. I journeyed behind this cheerful party on top of a tram down the whole dreary length of the Vauxhall Bridge Road, and came upon them later attentively examining the "Sunflowers." "Too yellow!" was their spokesman's verdict; but "The Cedar Walk" (to which I guided them) was relished, I swear, like a novel by Robins or a comedy by Rattigan, and they left with the resolve to attend every subsequent loan exhibition at the Tate.

The popularity of the exhibitions sponsored by the Arts Council at the Tate, the Victoria and Albert, and elsewhere has indeed been extraordinary, with attendances that would have been unthinkable before the war. Fifty thousand

people explored Marc Chagall's populous dream-world in February, a hundred and twenty thousand (more understandably) the deserted landscapes of Paul Nash the following month; and I have no doubt that it was this evidence of the Arts Council's enterprise and influence which encouraged the L.C.C. to enlist its aid in the first of their outdoor experiments in the summer.

For months the London hoardings were posted with photographs of Henry Moore's "Three Standing Figures"—"The greatest single work" (in the opinion of one of the brotherhood) "in sculpture or painting to be accomplished by an English artist in the present century." However that may be—and it seems to me that a *unique* carving is incomparable with the art of any period—the town flocked to measure Moore's stature against his European contemporaries, and "Have you been to Battersea yet?" became an opening gambit of London table-talk for a couple of months.

The L.C.C.'s other open-air experiment was in some respects even more praiseworthy, and it was unfortunate that the little-known artists who were given the freedom of the Victoria Embankment Gardens for a few weeks in the summer should have had some of the worst of the boisterous weather. But it was a colourful scene—the long line of pictures hung on screens and sheltered by awnings reminiscent of the lids of Parisian book-boxes, the artists adding finishing touches to their paintings and the crowds (more curious, alas, than acquisitive) sauntering along the wide leafy avenue—a colourful scene which we hope will return next year.

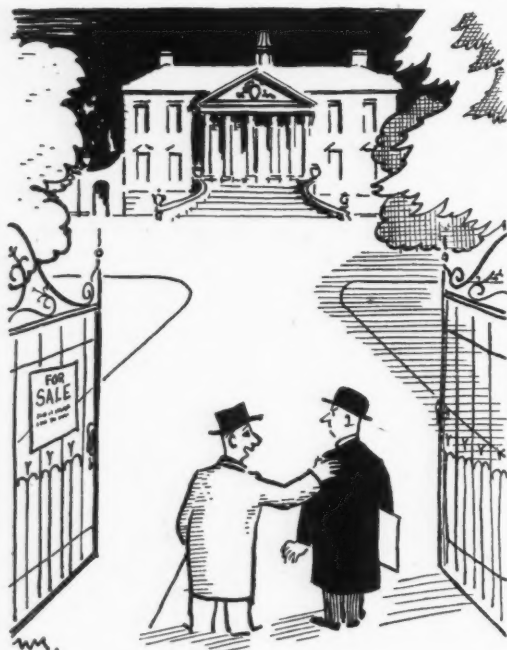
I have mentioned, of course, the more spectacular exhibitions of the year, those that appealed to gossip columnists no less than the critics. Less widely publicized perhaps, but still vivid in the minds of many of us, are Courtauld's collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures—containing such masterpieces as Renoir's "La Première Sortie," Manet's "La Serveuse de Bocks," and the devastating satires by Lautrec—and two rare collections of drawings, the Albertina from Vienna which enriched the Victoria and Albert in May, and the Holkham Hall Collection, which must have revealed to many English country town visitors the remarkable range of Claude Lorrain.

A revelation to many of us in London was the first important assembly of Edouard Vuillard's work—an assembly long withheld owing to the extreme modesty of the French painter who died in 1940. The magic of his intimate art was appreciated even more perhaps in Scotland (a land which has such close cultural ties with France) when some of his paintings were shown at the Scottish Academy during the Festival period.

"And what of our Academy," a voice from Burlington House interposes, "which attracted nearly a quarter of a million visitors in the summer?" Indeed, who could forget that astonishing *tour de force* which aroused almost as much curiosity as Frith's "Paddington Station," and for much the same reason. (Surely Wilde's "Art begins where imitation ceases" is an aphorism that hits the mark.)

Nevertheless, the triple portrait perversely lingers in my memory with a score of greater portraits seen this year; and when the glasses are recharged on Christmas night and the toast is "Absent Friends" some of them, I am sure, will swim into my ken.

And if they should all be triple portraits, who shall blame me?
N. A. D. W.



"Designed by Adam! Oh, come now!"

Mass Deduction

LAST week I was put into a mild flutter by a visit from a Mass Observer. I had always believed this happened only to other people, like seeing ghosts and winning football pools. I could not at first believe that I had actually been picked out for Observation.

My Mass Observer, however, explained that the local council considered me a representative stratum in a representative cross-section. I am, in fact, that legendary figure the Man in the Street.

What the council was particularly interested in was my health. I confess I was touched. I had never realized the council and I were on those terms. I should have said our relations were on the brusque side. They would send me a general rate final notice. A week or two later they would send me a final final notice. I would then send them a reluctant cheque, and they would send me a not very grateful receipt. Our correspondence would then be closed until the next quarter. But all that time they must have been taking quiet notice of me.

"This fellow X*," the clerk to the council must have said confidentially to the treasurer of the council, "what sort of a chap is he?"

"Seems quite a decent type," the treasurer presumably replied. "Writes a very good cheque."

"Not a social misfit or anything? You'd say he'd work into a representative cross-section all right?"

"My dear clerk to the council, you couldn't find a better man for the job."

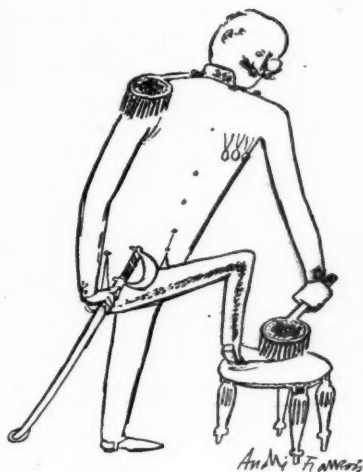
So, having sworn her to secrecy, they gave my name and address to this Mass Observer, who punctiliously made an appointment with me and asked me many a searching question about my health. Had I visited the doctor or the dentist during the past three months? (Oddly enough, it was only the past three months that interested the council. I could have been down with the rabies, the palsy, housemaid's-knee and flat feet at Christmas, and they wouldn't have cared a damn.) Was I pleased with my health? Had I had any ailments at all during the period under survey. (She recited a long and often embarrassing list of complaints that the council would be interested to hear about. I felt just as though I were back in uniform undergoing my medical, except that she

didn't swipe me below the knee-cap with the side of her hand.)

I emerged from this searching examination with a clean bill of health, and waited for her praise and congratulations. They were not forthcoming. She looked disappointed and a little thwarted. Maybe she was paid by results, and I should have been worth another ten shillings to her if only I had had measles last July instead of in 1913. Was I sure, she asked sorrowfully, I hadn't suffered from anything?

To please her I told her all about my hay-fever, which the council apparently did not consider an ailment, but which she was perfectly willing to accept. In fact it cheered her up almost as much as a good influenza. She herself had been subject to hay-fever during the formative years, and there is no freemasonry like that between hay-fever sufferers. We sympathetically exchanged symptoms, agreeing that people who didn't have it had no idea what it was really like. She filled up a page and a half of foolscap with my hay-fever—how I woke in the morning with that tight feeling across the chest, the number of handkerchiefs I got through in a day, how a second-hand bookshop set me off quicker than anything. I thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was years since I'd had so eager a listener.

When she had completed my case-history I courteously asked after the health of the council by way of reciprocation, and we parted with mutual expressions of goodwill on the subject of hay-fever. I then went out and told everybody I met that I had just been interviewed by a Mass Observer.



A few were incredulous, one or two affected to see nothing out of the way in it, but all were consumed with jealousy. I had to describe my Mass Observer over and over again—naturally, nobody had ever seen one—and many were the expressions of wonder and incredulity when I said she was a perfectly normal-looking woman, of an average sort of age, dressed pretty much as most women dress. Meet her in the street, I said, and you'd never take her for a Mass Observer.

Most people, it seemed, would have expected—as I had myself expected—something on the lines of Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes would have got through a colossal number of interviews in a day, and without letting you get in a word yourself either.

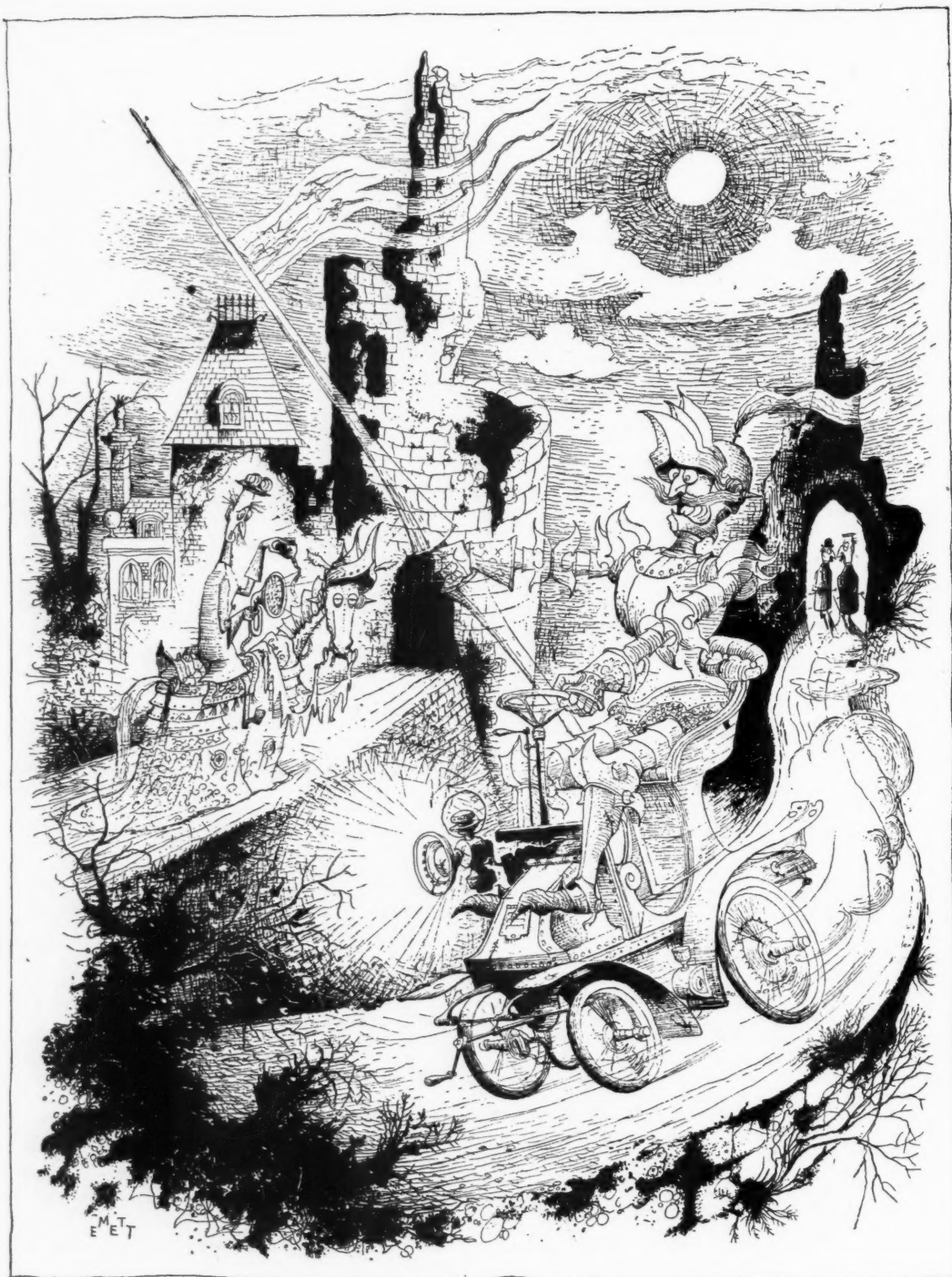
"Ah!" Holmes would have said, glancing keenly at you as you opened the door to him. "A reasonably healthy specimen, though not entirely free from minor maladies. Subject to occasional bouts of lumbago—that walking-stick I perceive in the hall-stand has a tell-tale bulge in it, the significance of which cannot be mistaken. You have consulted the doctor exactly once during the past three months. I see my friend Watson's telephone number scribbled on the wall, jotted down, I should judge, six to eight weeks ago. Had you been in the habit of summoning him you would of course have been familiar with the number, and you would have found it unnecessary to make a note of it. I deduce a sprained right wrist as the cause of his visit; half-healed abrasions on your face indicate that you have recently been shaving with your left hand. You are an unusually sound sleeper. The alarm-clock I hear ticking upstairs must be an exceptionally powerful model. Your health must be considered good to allow you to take such long walks—the mud still noticeable on your right shoe comes, if I mistake not, from a lane just six and a quarter miles from here. Good day to you."

My own Mass Observer was not a bit like that. I wonder if she was typical? I should be much interested to be interviewed by a representative cross-section of Mass Observers.

Alone at Last!

"Mr. and Mrs. M— wish to say goodbye to all their friends, and thank one and all for their kindness on leaving for Southern Rhodesia."—*Advt. in Leicester paper.*

* X is not really my name, but Observed Masses remain anonymous, and I am maintaining that anonymity here.



"Some say it's haunted by the first earl AND the ninth earl... I wonder how they'd get on together...?"

My Father and the Bad Old Days

MY father has always tended to regard his factory as his spiritual home, and home as a place he went to sometimes, and this tendency increased during the war. To make doubly sure that he could spend more of his time where his heart was he became major of the factory Home Guard and also undertook to do one night a week in charge of the factory air-raid precautions. This of course involved being at home very little of the time and gave him every reason to make minor and major improvements in the comforts of the factory.

He worried a lot if he were at home during an air-raid because, he said, of what might be happening to the factory. Asked if he did not worry when he was at the factory about what might be happening at home he said well but he could always phone up when the raid was over. As there was someone on duty twenty-fours a day at the factory my mother and I dismissed this as typical male cloudy thinking.

When the flying-bomb raids began my father's anxiety on behalf of the machinery, the building and its personnel (in that order?) was such that he decided to move down to the factory altogether. He did not even pretend to be long-suffering about this move, but went about it with undisguised relief. At last he had found a reason to take to the factory the remaining essentials to his contentment there—his wife and the Siamese kitten.

He also righted one of the world's greatest wrongs against himself; it was now my mother who had to set out in the early morning, and it was my mother who made a tiresome journey in the evening, while he waited for her with a sherry and a welcoming smile. It also enabled him to become more closely acquainted with the new Siamese kitten, which was usually left at the factory while my mother went home.

The kitten became part of the factory's establishment, a cream-coloured cog in the wheels, a disarming spanner in the works. He had his own staff (a commissionaire, the bar-tender in the canteen, and the nurse in the women's welfare office) and some part-time workers (my father's secretary, my father's typist, my father's second-in-command and my father), and these just about sufficed to keep him happy and in order through the working day. On one occasion a conference in my father's office was interrupted by a horrible shout of agony as one of the executives leapt to his feet with the kitten sticking briar-like to his legs. On the whole, however, his behaviour for one so young was exemplary.

My mother, accustomed to being alone in a servantless house, to cooking dinners that were destined to spoil while waiting to be eaten, to the routine boredom and boring routine of war-time domesticity, decided to be philosophical about her new mode of living. I was given the impression that she was living the rugged but not uninteresting life of a camp-follower. She recounted its difficulties to me and I sympathized. She immediately said it might be worse—at least she didn't have to cook. I asked her how she managed for meals and she said, with some surprise at my dullness, that she and my father were served dinner and breakfast in the executives' dining-room. She told me the factory shelters were very full at night. I said that must be uncomfortable and she said oh, she and my father had a private room. She added perhaps I would go and spend a night with them some time; it wasn't too bad, she thought I could stand it for a night. It was not, she said, like home.

Some time later I talked on the telephone to my father, who sounded rather like the commanding officer of a besieged fortress. He said it was very, very unfortunate, having a factory in flying-bomb alley, and I pushed down the disloyal thought that not for a fortune would he have had it anywhere else, just as I had previously buried the idea that not for a fortune would he have stayed out of the Home Guard. He gave me a brief and horrifying résumé of life in a dug-out, and then invited me to spend a night with them. My mother would like to see me, he said, though I should find it was not like home.

It wasn't.

I met my mother in the canteen bar. She was drinking a sherry with a group of acquaintances who were refreshing themselves before going home, or before going to dinner, or before going on duty, or merely refreshing themselves. The Siamese kitten was walking delicately up and down the bar counter, occasionally alighting on an unsuspecting shoulder. I sensed an unexpected atmosphere of leisure and camaraderie. This was shattered by a sudden war-like noise out in the street and my father was seen driving madly up and down outside the factory on his new Home Guard motor-cycle. When I had duly admired both the cycle and his skill on it he came in and we all had another sherry, while every now and then the bar-tender dived under the bar and separated the kitten from the empties. Every now and then we all dived under the bar of necessity, but I found that on the whole the flying-bombs had become incidental to the social life. We went into the dining-room and had a leisurely dinner served by a canteen



"What's Italian for 'soft and sweet'?"

waitress who would be spending her night on the premises anyway, so it was all right by her, and later we went across to the shelters.

We had a brief conversation with my father's M.T.C. driver who had moved in with the family of one of the senior employees and was playing rummy with them, and who said they were playing charades in the next shelter if we felt like something gayer.

My parents' shelter turned out to be a double bedroom with fitted basin, h. and c., an electric kettle, a bedside lamp, an excellent lighted mirror and a telephone. I said it was nice that they were able to make morning tea, and my mother said oh they didn't. Tea was brought to them from the canteen. I remarked that everything was very spick and span, and she said a cleaner came in every morning to make the beds, clean the room and change the linen when necessary.

I had expected to sleep in the main shelter, but I found a bed had been put up for me in my parents' room, and after a cup of tea we prepared for bed. The kitten slept in his specially fitted box beside me.

Several times during the night, to the accompaniment of happy shouts, laughter and songs, several hundred people streamed past the bedroom door and sat for fifteen minutes in the main shelters. It sounded from our room as though someone were giving a particularly successful cocktail party next door.

We were awakened in the morning by a knock at the door and the arrival of the bar-tender-turned-butler who put a tray on the bedside table and said it had been a shocking night, sir, ghastly, six times they'd been down in the shelter, one smack on a house in the next road but one, sir, would that be all—all this delivered in tones of immense cheerfulness.

We sat up in bed and sipped our tea and there was another knock at the door and my father's commissionaire came in. He had been assigned to act as batman to my father, and in contrast to the butler he was the discreet type. He picked up my father's suit and our shoes and turned to my mother. "Shall I," he murmured, "take the little cat now, madam?" He swooped upon the kitten who went willingly, and returned suit, shoes and kitten—attended to—ten minutes later.

My father picked up the telephone and asked to be put through to the canteen. He said we would be up for breakfast in twenty minutes and there would be three of us. He swung his legs out of bed and pulled on his dressing-gown. "Lord, what a life!" he murmured wearily.

On the Gate

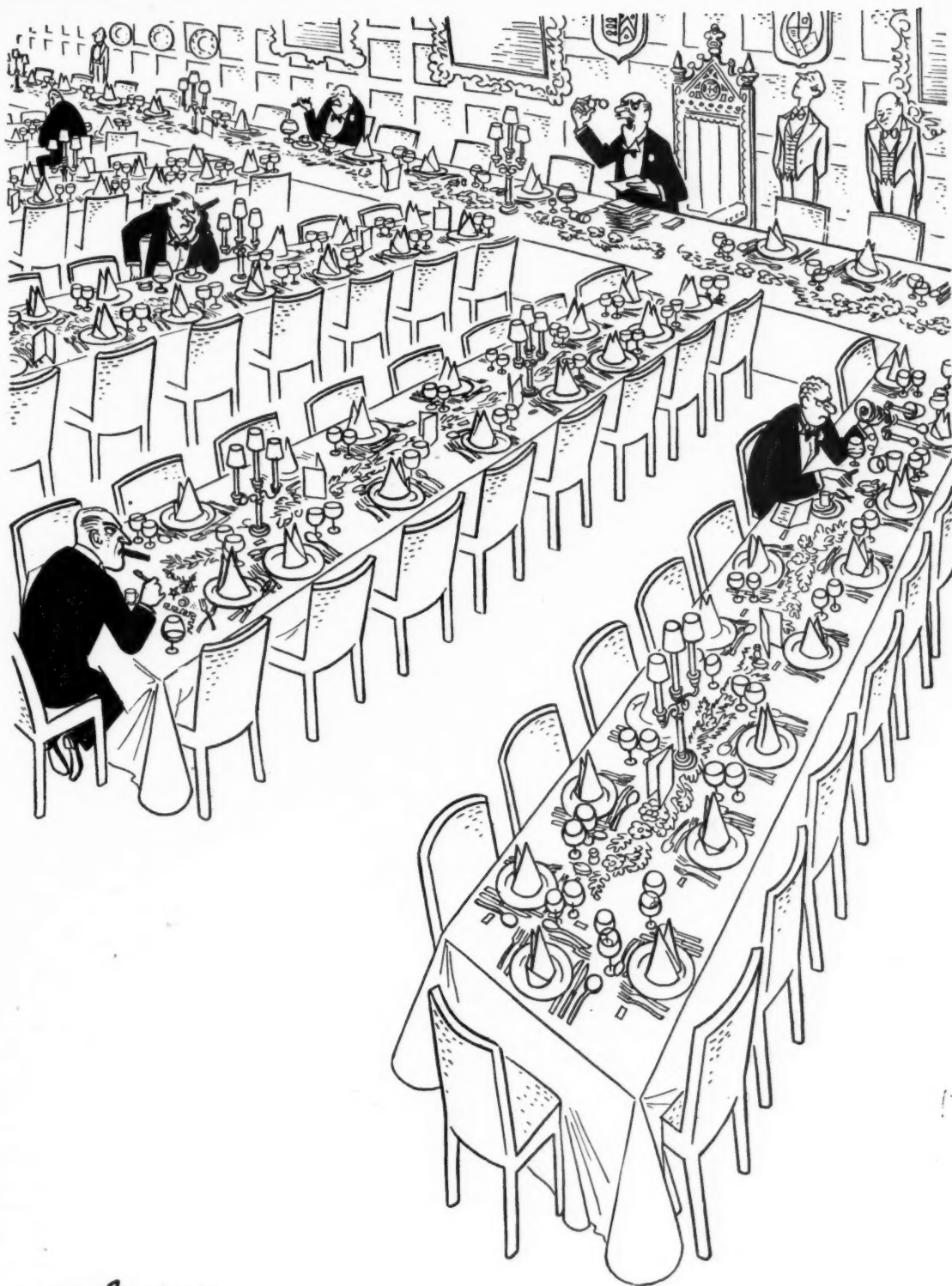
I WILL be a doorkeeper in the next war:
In the House of the Morning I will keep the front door;
In a uniform glorious with apple-green braid
I will stand upon the threshold and not be afraid.

I will not fly a bomber, I will not drive a tank,
Nor count the allowances in Queen's and Box's Bank;
Deep is the deep shelter, the submarine at sea,
But the job of a doorkeeper is good enough for me.

You shall see me at sunrise polishing the brass
And the little pearly notices: "Please Display Your Pass":
You shall see me in the sunset when the atom-bombs fall—
If I can't be a doorkeeper I won't play at all.

G. D. R. D.





— Brockbank

"First of all, I shall read a few telegrams regretting inability to attend..."

A Date in the Dust

"**W**OULD you care to join us in a drink, captain?" we said to the man in the monkey-jacket and glazed-peak cap in the corner.

"Why, thank you, gentlemen," he answered bluffly. "I'll take a rum. Just a little water, steward," he told the bartender. "Handsomely, now, handsomely. Your health, gentlemen!"

"And yours, captain."

As he sipped his drink, we were surprised and concerned to observe a look of remorse steal over his weather-beaten face. He set down his glass with a sigh.

"It's no good!" he said dismally. "I can't relish it properly. I can't help realizing you gentlemen were kind enough to buy me a rum—which always makes me talk too much, and which I don't like anyway—because I'm sailing under false colours."

"False colours?"

"You are under the impression I am a seafaring man. It is, in fact, generally understood around here that I am a retired sea-captain, a real old shell-back. People always address me as 'Cap'n.' They try to draw me out about the old days under sail, and expect me to foretell the weather. Actually, the records will show that I am a comparatively young man, still actively engaged in the insurance business."

We said we didn't understand.

"It all began," he said confidentially, "when I bought a new dust-bin."

* * * * *

The old dust-bin (said the man in the monkey-jacket) was far from done for, but I went shopping one afternoon with the money burning a hole in my pocket. I spotted a lovely line in dust-bins at the ironmongers', and I just couldn't resist them. I brought home my shining new dust-bin, set it alongside the old one, and put it into use right away.

My old dust-bin had been emptied only the previous day, and I'd had occasion to employ it only once before the switchover—to dispose of a few date-stones. Date-stones, as you gentlemen are aware, weigh light, and are too sticky to rattle. I surmise the dustmen, on their next call, lifted the old dust-bin, concluded it was empty, and simply replaced it where it was.

There it stayed, with the date-stones working inside it. At least, one date-stone worked, and one, as events were to prove, was quite enough. I noticed

it working when I saw that the dust-bin—the old one of course—had apparently become airborne. It had miraculously hoisted itself a clear inch off the ground.

My first thought was the very natural one that the law of gravity had been suspended in favour of my dust-bin. The effect, however, was disturbing, and, seizing a mallet, I tried to hammer the dust-bin back to earth. It remained obstinately in the air. I removed the lid, and saw that it was no longer empty. It contained the upper works of a young but sturdy palm-tree. The sides were already firmly gripped by the growth. The trunk pierced the bottom, and the roots, doubtless encouraged by the thin layer of rich soil lining the dust-bin, went into the ground beneath. Hence the elevation.

It may well be asked at this juncture why a date-palm, in defiance of the accepted principles of growth, should have grown *down* instead of up. It should have been the work of a moment for this vigorous young plant to burst off the lid and grow out through the top. I gave much thought to this problem, and finally worked it out—with paper and pencil—that it was because the lid was usually being firmly sat on by a cat. You will agree, gentlemen, that a very young palm-tree would find it difficult to dislodge a well-fed cat on a dust-bin lid. It was a favourite observation-post with the local cats, because from it they could watch in ease and comfort what was

placed in the new dust-bin. I have known cats queue up to take their turn at sitting on the lid. This would almost certainly have a discouraging effect on a young palm-tree underneath.

The palm-tree grew rapidly, which was another thing I had to work out. My previous observations had convinced me—as I have no doubt, gentlemen, they have convinced you—that the date-palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*) grows in England with reluctance. The date-palm is a tropical growth requiring a warm climate, and this botanical fact gave me the key to the solution. Owing to the action of the sun on the metal, the normal dust-bin becomes extremely warm inside. Inside was just where my date-palm was. I had accidentally discovered the ideal nursery for the rearing of date-palms in England.

Quite soon, the dust-bin was some feet off the ground, and obscuring the scullery window. Undoubtedly, I should have felled it at this point, before it began to cause talk. I did not do so, partly because I had no axe and felt a delicacy about borrowing one to chop down a dust-bin, partly because it was now too high for cats. It was an unspeakable relief to be able to place rubbish in the new dust-bin free from the rapacious regard of critical cats. However, embarrassing comment was now being aroused, and I regret to say I dissembled. I dissembled by pretending I kept pigeons.

It is not easy to pretend you keep pigeons when you do not keep pigeons, but I used to pretend quite successfully by going outside with a dish when the neighbours were about and calling "Pigeons! Pigeons!" and making believe to feed them.

My pretence was so convincing that the post-office people kindly came and strung corks on the telephone-wires.

As time went on, my dust-bin grew too high to be passed off as a pigeon-cote any more. It topped the spare bedroom window, and came level with the chimneys. It caused a great deal of talk, some of which I pretended not to hear. The rest I passed off with a light laugh. I am a sensitive man, and I shrank from giving the true explanation, which nobody would believe. It was also a source of continual mortification to have people see my dust-bin in such a ridiculous position. There was even a letter from "Indignant Ratepayer" in the local paper about it. The letter used such terms as "lights" and "easements," but the matter went



"A little more to the north."

no farther when it was established that my own lights and easements were the only ones to suffer.

When it was about a dozen feet above my chimney-pots, the palm-tree reached maturity and abruptly stopped growing. Passers-by were now met with the unusual spectacle of a detached villa-residence with a tall and graceful palm-tree crowned with a dust-bin outside the back-door. If there were two questions I got tired of they were "Why do you keep your dust-bin up a palm-tree?" and "Doesn't it make things awkward for the dustmen?"

I should probably have sold up and left the district if the course to take had not been shown me in a dream. The morning after my dream I contacted a steeple-jack from a distant parish, swore him to secrecy, and got him to rig a rope-ladder leading from the dust-bin to the ground.

In the evening, I ascended with a pruning-knife, cleared the interior, and, in full public eye, sat ostentatiously enjoying the view for a full half-hour.

When I came down, I was for the first time addressed as "Cap'n."

Next day, to add convincing colour, I bought a telescope and a glazed peak-cap. That settled it. I am now and forever a bluff old sea-captain romantically recapturing old days under sail from the crow's-nest in his garden.

I make a point of spending an hour or so up in my dust-bin every day. It is often bitterly cold. Frequently, it is wet as well. The view, never particularly spacious, has become monotonous.

But at least (said the man in the monkey-jacket, with some complacency)—at least I have stopped people talking.

Keep This File Flat.

The Superintendent, Supplies and Buildings Division.

Fiery Red, but
Dull as lead:
The new Fire Gong
Won't bong!

J. SILVERWORTHY,
Accounts Division.

Accounts Division.

Noted. Attention is drawn to Code S on internal communications, and in particular to para. 10 on facetious remarks in pencil or otherwise which are not permitted.

Please say if the gong requires adjustment.

H. SNORT,
S. and B. Division.

S. and B. Division.

Read. The minute was concise in accordance with Code S, Chap. 1, para. 1. Far from being facetious it is a statement of fact. Had a fire occurred it is possible that failure of adequate warning to the staff might have had serious consequences, and early attention is important. Any adjustment which may be necessary would involve tools which are not available to the office staff.

J. SILVERWORTHY,
Accounts Division.

Accounts Division.

It should be noted that Code L, Chap. 7, states that on the occasion of the weekly routine test of Fire Alarms and Extinguishing Equipment, any minor defects should be brought to the notice of the Fire Master, who will take such action as seems appropriate. Can it be confirmed, please, that this instruction is being complied with?

H. SNORT,
S. and B. Division.

S. and B. Division.

Various instructions are held re Fire Drills, some dated back to 1932 which have apparently not been cancelled. If it may be assumed that Circular Q 27/47 ("Steps to be taken on suspicion of fire") is still current, its provisions cannot be followed in this building as there is only one system of bells, and there is no means of distinguishing between a "Preliminary" and a "Clear-out." Since, however, Q 27/47 makes no reference to gongs, this file is being circulated via the Staff Duty for confirmation of the latest Fire Instructions.

J. SILVERWORTHY,
Accounts Division.

Accounts Division (Mr. Silverworthy).

The inclusion of non-standard minuting in these papers is noted with concern. Every effort should be made to be clear and concise.

It is agreed that upon examination there are conflicting issues of the Fire Instructions still current. Advice will be sought from H.Q. on the final form desirable, but meanwhile it is considered that Q 27/47 will serve as a temporary instruction if read in conjunction with Wall-card I(C) 89 (Large Buildings) or I(C) 90 (Small Buildings), and on the assumption that a Fire Master be appointed for each floor (as in War Procedure WP 8, Chap. 2).

R. RICHTONE,
Chief Clerk.

The Chief Clerk, Staff Duty.

Read. It should perhaps be pointed out that Wall-cards I(C) 89 were removed by the workmen when they were decorating last March. They have not been replaced.

The other floors in this building are occupied by a different Ministry, and it is ascertained that their instructions (copy enclosed) involve the use of a gong to summon a Fire-warden. The expression "Fire, Fire!" (to be shouted in a loud, clear voice) is also authorized by this Ministry, and it might be considered advisable in the framing of any instructions to remind our staff that no notice should be taken of such a warning if heard, as this would relate to a fire on another floor.

J. SILVERWORTHY,
Accounts Division.

S. and B. Division.

As it seems possible that the new gong referred to in the original minute of this file (in non-standard fashion) may have been fitted under a misapprehension, the papers are circulated to you at this stage. Can it be stated, please, under whose authority the gong was supplied?

R. RICHTONE,
Chief Clerk, Staff.

Chief Clerk, Staff Duty.

The instrument was apparently made and supplied by Messrs. Domestic Fittings (1933) Ltd., who quote order No. EGG/6572/WS. As this is not one of our series there would appear to have been a misunderstanding.

It has been observed by our area representative that a gong on the second floor of the building in question was removed and broken during the course of building operations. It is considered that the warning apparatus may have been intended as a replacement.

To save delay and unnecessary correspondence, it will be seen from the enclosed copy-letter that Messrs. Domestic Fittings have been advised direct to remove the gong to the second floor landing.

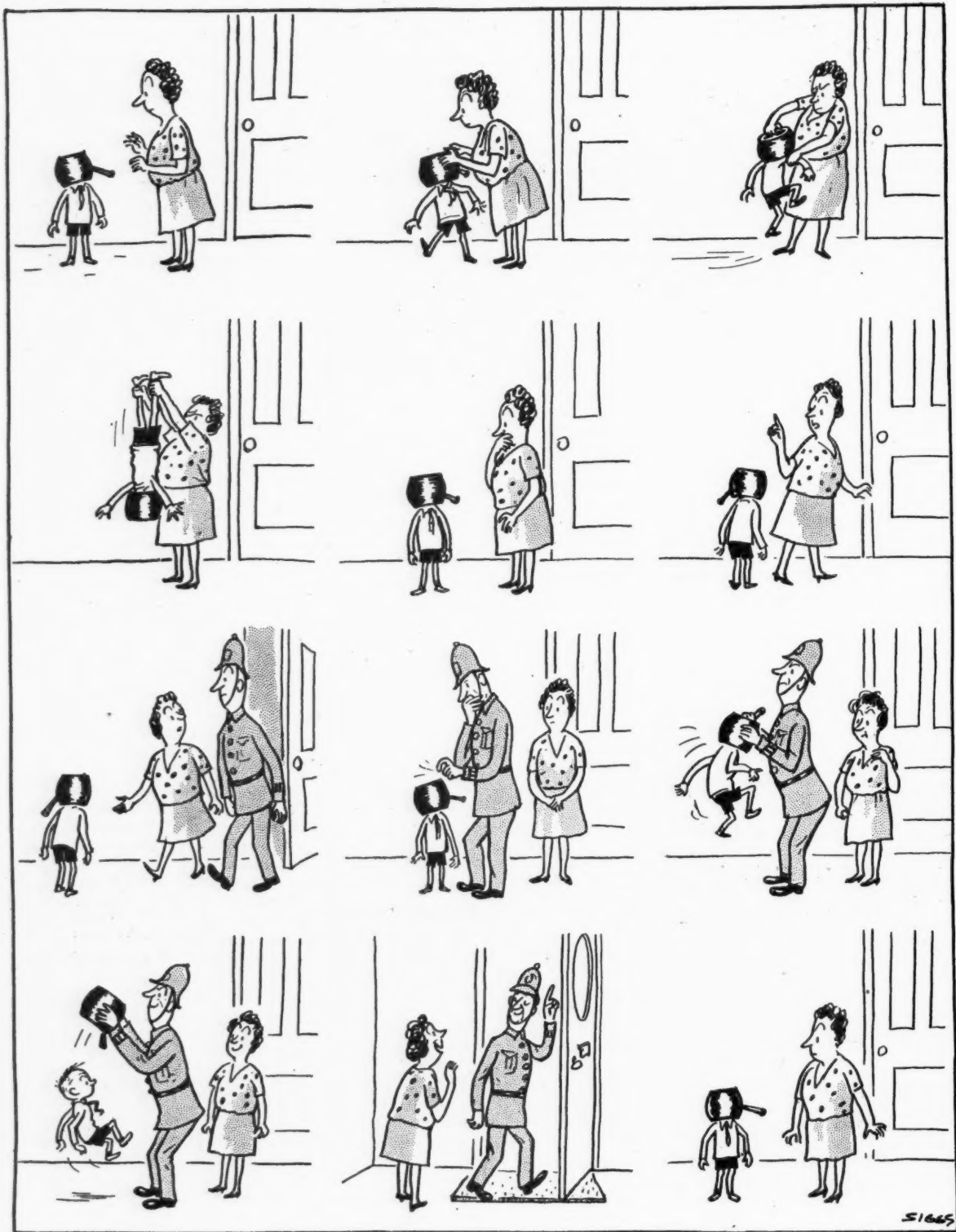
H. SNORT,
S. and B. Division.

Messrs. Domestic Fittings (1933) Ltd.

DEAR SIRS,—With reference to the Firm Alarm warning recently supplied to this address, I have to inform you that although the apparatus is satisfactory in appearance there is little or no resonance in the gong.

I am to add that there appears to have been a misunderstanding concerning the locality of the fixture, and your early attention is requested.

H. SNORT.





"I don't think you've quite bit off Edwin."



"It's the only one that's risen."

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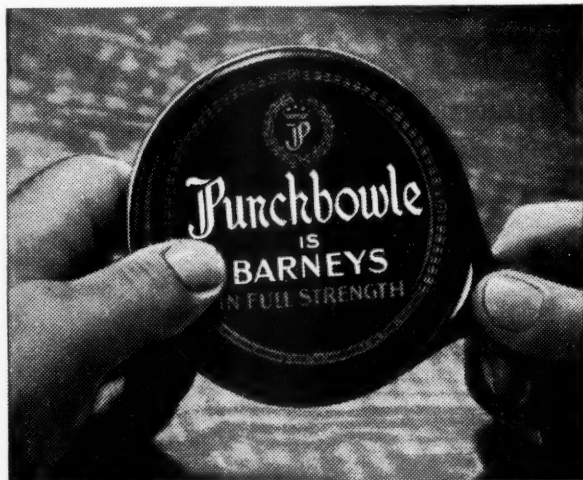
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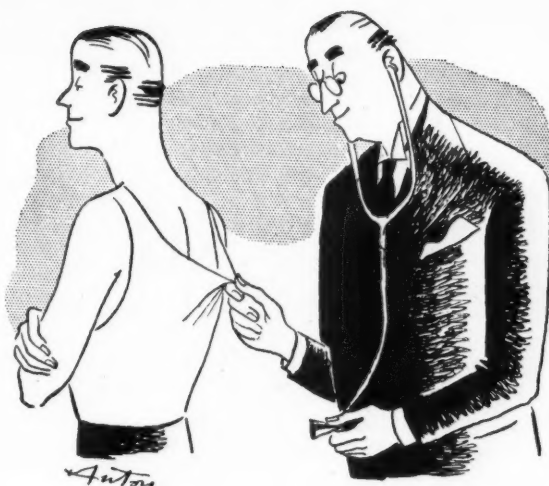
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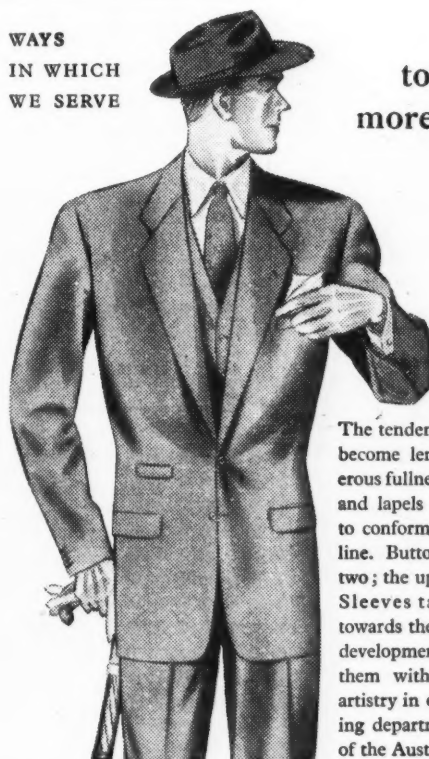
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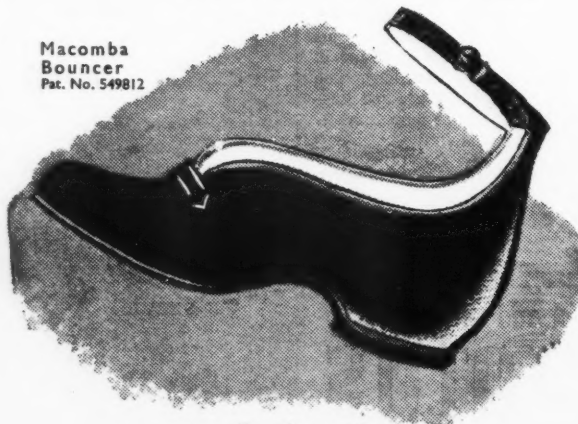
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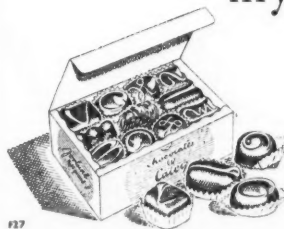
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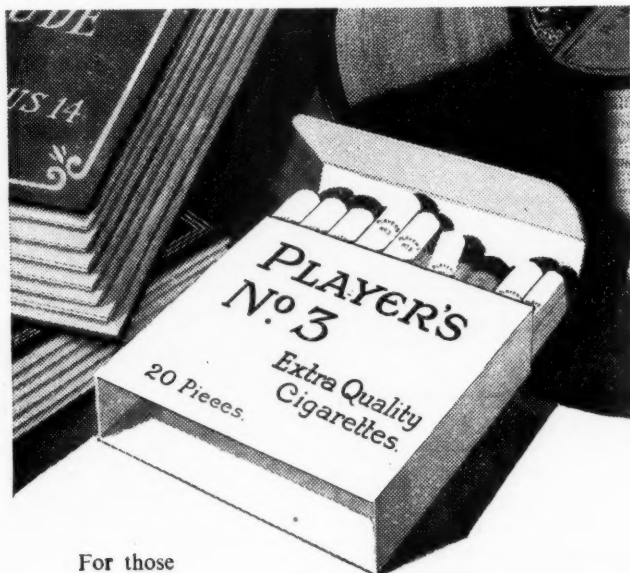
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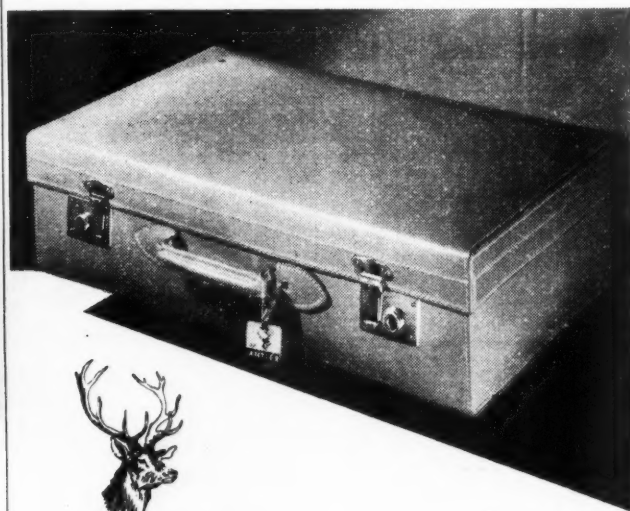


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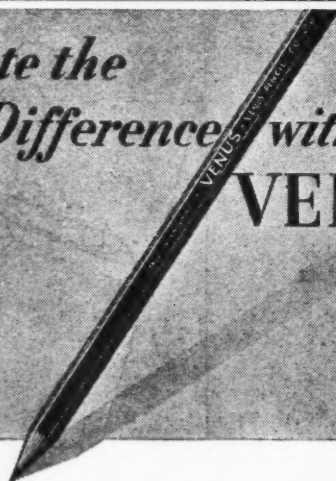
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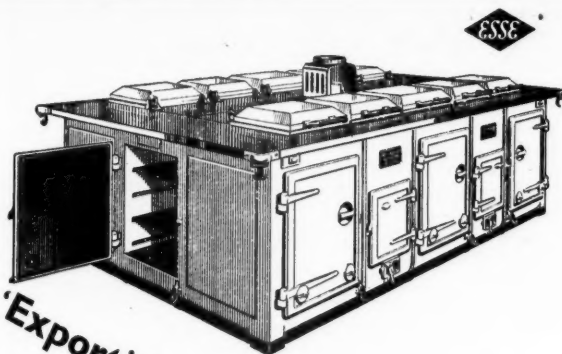


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Piggery-Quiz

Since there is to be no Marsh Ham
(let alone a Boar's head) this Christmas,
reflect upon this for next Christmas:

- Q. What dishes do we get from a home-grown pig?
- A. Twelve: Marsh Ham, bacon, bath chaps, pies, sausages, brawn, puddings, chitterlings, faggots, liver, kidneys, trotters.
- Q. What about Fats?
- A. One properly bred 10-score pig should give 14 lbs. of lard. How's that for pastry?
- Q. What else do we get?
- A. Oils, fats, bone meal, sausage skin.
- Q. What's the agricultural value?
- A. Impoverished land will grow fine crops after pigs have been folded over.
- Q. How can I get a MARSH HAM?
- A. By helping to step up the ration. Start pig keeping, get your farmer friends going, and above all, press your M.P. to get bigger pig rations.

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MORE production! cry the Government. More exports! *Work, work, work!*

We all know they're right, and we're doing our best, whether on the factory front or behind the lines at the kitchen sink. But more work depends on more energy... Where are we to get it from?

Our energy is controlled by food and sleep. Food is rationed, sleep isn't. If we slept more, could we get more energy for the production drive? Is sleep what they call an invisible export?

It's all a question of the kind of sleep. Length of sleep isn't so important as depth.

You prove this for yourself when you wake tired after a long night's sleep.



Only deep sleep has the power to put back into your body the energy you use up during the day.

To make sure of deep sleep, drink Horlicks at night. Horlicks soothes and relaxes, helps the weary body to renew its store of energy.

Get the deep sleep that Horlicks brings and you'll wake up in the morning more than a match for the production drive — and the fish queues!

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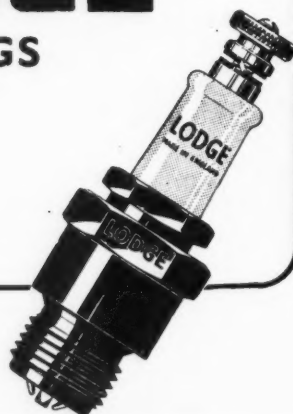


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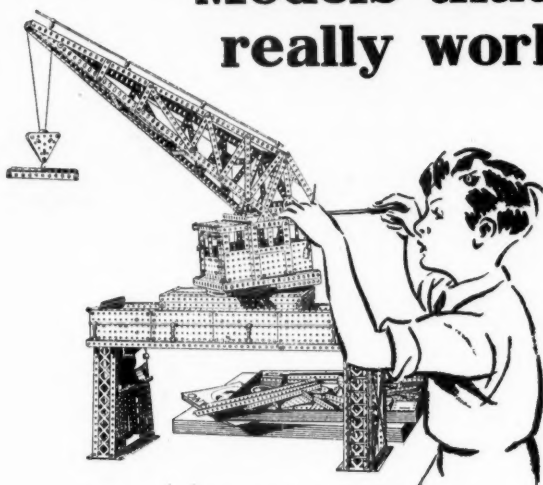
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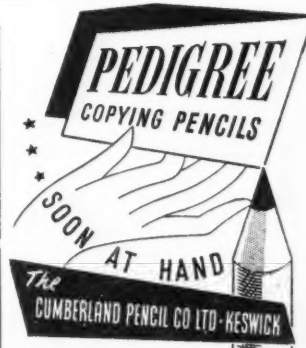


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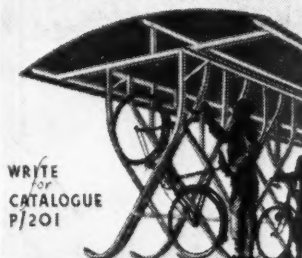
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